



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1831

JUNE 8, 1907

PRICE THREEPENCE

Education

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

AN Examination will be held on June 26, 27 and 28 to fill up not less than five residential Scholarships, three non-residential Scholarships and some exhibitions. For particulars apply by letter to the Bursar, Westminster School Bursary, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster.

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ARTHUR W. BUCKER, Principal.
University of London, South Kensington, S.W.
May 30, 1907.

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields.

The publishing offices of THE ACADEMY are at 95 Fetter Lane, E.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

THE LITERARY WEEK

IN our issue of May 4 we drew attention to "an appeal to the public from the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford" for funds. Most of our contemporaries did likewise. We cannot suppose that they would have done so, had they not supposed that the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor issued their appeal as the mouth-pieces of the University; we should certainly not have taken that course. It now appears that these functionaries acted entirely on their own responsibility, and further concealed the fact of their unauthorised action until a confession was forced from them by the spirited action of the President of Corpus, Mr. Thomas Case. We confess that we disliked this undignified begging-letter, chiefly on account of its broad hint to foreign capitalists to subscribe, on the unsubstantial ground of the Rhodes endowment of foreign scholarships; but we advertised the appeal out of a mistaken devotion to the wishes of the University. We now desire to draw the attention of our readers to Mr. Case's letters to the *Times* of May 6 and 15, and June 5, in which he explains the whole matter.

Mr. Case points out that the Chancellor and his deputy have been instrumental in attempting to intrude into the internal management of the University, an authority foreign to it, namely, a body of Trustees chosen from among the subscribers enlisted by their unauthorised appeal. These two separate bodies acting in the same sphere must cause the direst confusion. Many persons may be members of both, but two persons, the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor, must be. This doubles the power of those offices. We know that the present Chancellor has been in office about three months. Any body would stultify itself that was willing to double the power of its president so prematurely, whatever confidence it might have in his ability, proved in other spheres. As to the Vice-Chancellorship, it must be remembered that the office is filled, not by election, but by routine, and passes in succession to each Head of a House *ex officio*. The University does not appoint the Heads of Houses, each House appoints its own. A Vice-Chancellor therefore enjoys in no special manner the confidence of the University. In the ordinary routine work this is of no importance. Matters of great moment can be postponed as far as possible until the office falls to the Head of a House whom the University considers capable of taking the lead in dealing with it. Is any such confidence felt in the present Vice-Chancellor?

In particular Mr. Case cites the proposal of the new body to turn out the University Press from its present buildings, and to erect a school of engineering on the site. We quote Mr. Case:

In their answer of the 13th [in the *Times*] the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor replied that this proposal about buildings had formed no part of their appeal of the 2nd. But it had; for, under the head of additional buildings, it formed an integral part of the scheme, to the tune of £40,000 for the removal of the Press out of £250,000, the total sum solicited; and in their appeal of the 2nd the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor, without excepting the buildings, accepted and recommended the scheme and the total of £250,000. Moreover, even in their letter of the 13th in answer to me, they did not withdraw the removal of the Press, but left it to the body of trustees to propose it or not to the University.

It is therefore evident that the Chancellor and the Vice-Chancellor not only acted without the authority of the University in begging for money, but had pretty well decided how it should be spent.

The Englishman, says Mr. Bernard Shaw, is a sentimentalist, and the matter of Crosby Hall has proved him right. A people which will permit valuable works of art, one or another, to go to America or Germany for want of the public spirit and the appreciation of beauty to keep them at home, raises a wild outcry so soon as it is proposed to pull down a sham antique building. A certain evening paper has shrieked itself hoarse on the subject; and this washy, lachrymose sentiment has found an echo in a hundred thousand (or whatever may be the number of its "guaranteed circulation") manly English bosoms. If Crosby Hall is dear to the British heart, why was it allowed to be degraded into a restaurant?

It is time that the facts of the case were plainly stated. Of the Crosby Hall which was built in 1466 there is nothing left beyond a portion of the walls. The front in Bishopsgate Street, at which so many sentimental Britons have been staring of late, is a later imitation of the architecture of the period—in other words a sham. The Great Fire and a subsequent fire in 1672 spared nothing but the great hall, and in 1831, after the building had been vacated by a firm of packers, the whole interior was "restored," and the portion fronting Great St. Helen's was rebuilt after the designs of two Gubelman architects. Two ceilings, an oriel window and an archway are not, we submit, worth a quarter of a million. When we think of the works of art, things of perfect beauty and perennial joy, which the money could purchase, such counsel seems worse than criminal. It seems stupid.

It is true that Shakespeare mentions Crosby Hall more than once; that the original building was inhabited at one time or another by Richard, Duke of Gloucester (who was not then, in spite of halfpenny papers and popular belief, Richard III.); by Sir Thomas More; by Sir Thomas More's favourite daughter Margaret and her husband William Roper, and by the Countess of Pembroke whom William Browne immortalised in his epitaph—"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother"; and that Sir Kenelm Digby and other Royalists were prisoners there during the Rebellion. Such a string of names makes the hypocrisy of the association-mongers only the more flagrant. Was Richard III. such a benefactor to the nation that future ages should hallow the spot where he once dwelt? England beheaded Sir Thomas More, and by embracing the Reformation nullified the splendid work which he and others like him might have done for her. Will the preservation of some few stones of his house do anything to wipe away the reproach? What would that great Renaissance lady, the Countess of Pembroke, have said to so perverted a view of the relations of art to sham sentiment? And, if the Corporation needed an additional reason for their very sensible

refusal to provide the money, they possibly found it in their dislike of preserving any memento of the city's share in the Rebellion.

Go, booklet, where the morning falls
On sister turrets, kindred walls,
Of *oxford* *oxade*, their name
Familiar, and their saint the same.

In at a "College Window" peep,
But reconnoitre if he sleep,
Still dreaming of that stately school
Her sons all love, whiche'er may rule.

One letter parts but many tie
The true-knot of our destiny:
May friendship ever flourish green
'Twixt Magdalen and Magdalene.

The above lines are quoted from a poem which appears in the current number of the *Cornhill Magazine*. They are by Mr. T. Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and are addressed to Mr. A. C. Benson, of Magdalene, Cambridge. The image conjured up by the poet of the "booklet" (Mr. Warren's brief history of Magdalen College) "peeping in at the 'College Window'" of Mr. Benson to ascertain if he is still asleep, before venturing to intrude, strikes us as being particularly happy. Mr. Benson ought to be inspired to reply. May we suggest to him that the coincidence of there being only two letters "R" and "D" common to the two words, Oxford and Cambridge might form the basis of a neat rejoinder? Thus, for example:

"Only two letters (more's the pity)
Unite my township to your city,
And yet we love like Cock and Hen!"
Said Magdalene to Magdalen.

With the death of Karl Blind, which has just occurred at the age of eighty-one, the last of the 1848 revolutionists—the *vieilles barbes* as they were called in France—disappears from circulation. In dealing with the prominent features of Karl Blind's career and of his published works on social and political questions, it should above all be remembered that the word *barbe* in French slang has now acquired the meaning of "bore". Karl Blind was undoubtedly a pretentious and pushful bore whose industrious efforts to upset existing *régimes* has only resulted in establishing autocratic militarism in Europe on a firmer basis than ever before. His stepson's insane attempt to assassinate Prince Bismarck was one of the primary causes of intense feeling of anti-semitism which has inspired the official and bourgeois classes of Germany ever since. For himself it ended in a miserable suicide in prison, if indeed he was not privately executed which, is quite as probable. Karl Blind, the stepfather, lived to see every one of his pet theories relegated to the limbo of old political stage properties, and towards the end of his life he sufficiently belied the early principles by which he had professedly been inspired to burst out into rancorous expressions of Pan-Germanism directed against the very people who foolishly, but with their customary good-nature, had provided him with a hospitable refuge for so many years. It would be invidious to speak too harshly of the dead, but it is necessary in the interests of historical truth to prick the bubble of the reputation for strenuous doing and high thinking which some of our contemporaries persist, a little carelessly, in attributing to the late Karl Blind.

At the Hampshire House Social Club for Working Men, on Hammersmith Upper Mall, the Second Annual Picture Exhibition will open on Thursday, 13th inst. It should prove even more attractive than that of last year. The exhibits of contemporary art, many of which are for sale, include works by Messrs. Abbey, R.A., Muirhead, Bone, Brangwyn, A.R.A., Lavery, Legros, Blair, Leighton, A. G. Macgregor, Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., Rothenstein,

F. Short, A.R.A., H. S. Tuke, A.R.A., and many others. A special feature of the Exhibition is a collection of nearly fifty paintings and drawings by the Pre-Raphaelite School, the work of all the seven original members of the brotherhood being represented, as well as a number of works by Sir E. Burne Jones. The Exhibition will be opened by Lord Lytton, who is the President of the Federation of Working Men's Clubs, and will remain open daily until July 6 from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. (Sundays 2 P.M. to 6 P.M.) with free admission.

We understand that the *Tribune* has for some time past been issuing circulars broadcast offering to supply the paper gratuitously for six months, and from this we presume that our esteemed contemporary is in lack of readers. Whether this method, which is, we believe, new to London journalism, will be successful or not we cannot foresee, but there are certain indications in the daily columns of the *Tribune* which tend to show, in our opinion, that its editor estimates at a too low standard the average intelligence of the English middle classes. In a telegram which the *Tribune* of Thursday prints from Berlin there occurs this sentence quoted from a leading article in the *Koelnische Volkszeitung*: "Has Prince Buelow in the moment of victory forgotten the maxim that one should build golden bridges for a fleeing enemy?—*anglicé* (should not drive the foe into a corner)." *Anglicé*! Does the editor of the *Tribune* really believe that the man in the street for whose subscription he is making a bid is such a hopeless blockhead as to be unable to understand the simple metaphorical phrase employed by the German paper, and that it has to be Englished into something simpler and less figurative in order to appeal to British intelligence?

We note with pleasure that Lord Curzon's list of distinguished men on whom it was proposed to confer an honorary degree at the forthcoming Encænica includes the names of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Swinburne, neither of whom, however, has found it possible to accept the proposed honour. It is surely about time that some sort of official recognition should be made of the absurdity of conferring honorary degrees, as it is now proposed to do, on "Mark Twain" and Mr. Sidney Lee, while the really great and enduring names in English contemporary literature are passed over. We say this without any desire to depreciate the undoubted merits of the two gentlemen we have mentioned. We have often laughed with and at "Mark Twain." With him, when he was confining himself to his legitimate sphere of "American humour," and at him, when he left that sphere and ventured on art criticism and reflections on the character of Shelley. Mr. Sidney Lee has a great reputation as a Shakespearian scholar. Would not the occasion of the forthcoming Encænica afford a suitable opportunity for him to explain the extraordinary discrepancy of rather strongly-worded assertion contained in two statements which directly and categorically contradict each other in two of his own published works, to which a correspondent drew attention in last week's issue of the ACADEMY?

The Christchurch undergraduates who took part in the recent "rag" at Oxford when the harmless necessary stand for the pageant was burnt to the ground, have given evidence of a very deficient sense of the possibilities of incendiarism. If they wanted to burn down anything, and were prepared to face martyrdom in their fervour for destruction, why did they not turn their attention to some of the new buildings at Oxford? At their very door so to speak stand the hideous Merton New Buildings which have defiled what used to be one of the fairest prospects in Oxford. A visit also to the back quad of New College might surely have provided them with "fuel" for thought. To burn down anything so ephemeral and so easily replaced as a grand stand for a pageant, argues a distressing lack of imagination on the part of our budding youth.

LA BEAUTÉ

(FROM THE FRENCH OF BAUDELAIRE)

FAIR am I, mortals, as a stone-carved dream,
And all men wound themselves against my breast,
The poet's last desire, the loveliest.
Voiceless, eternal as the world I seem,
In the blue air, strange sphinx, I brood supreme
With heart of snow whiter than swan's white crest,
No movement mars the plastic line, I rest
With lips untaught to laugh or eyes to stream.

Singers who see, in tranced interludes,
My splendour set with all superb design,
Consume their days, in toilful ecstasy.
To these revealed, the starry amplitudes
Of my great eyes which make all things divine
Are crystal mirrors of eternity.

A. D.

IMITATION FROM "A MORTE DE DON JOÃO" BY GUERRA JUNQUEIRO

WOMEN, who worship the white wounded feet,
When your white babies leave you innocent,
Give them no tears, but roses, white and sweet.
The flickering swallow would you make less fleet
The sun to follow to her full content?

White, timid creatures, sleeping in the grass—
Hush! lest you vex them with your falling tears,
May they live well who may live many years,
But these live best, who, like a white dream, pass.

MORE ADEY.

LE CIEL EST PAR-DESSUS LE TOIT

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL VERLAINE)

THE sky above the roof is nigh,
So blue, so calm;
A tree that is the roof anigh
Rocks her green palm.

The deep bell ringing in the sky
Fails and is faint;
A sweet bird singing in the sky
Ceases her plaint.

Dear God! how calm must life be here!
Calm and tranquil;
A peaceful murmur rises here
From the far vill.

What have you done, you who weep there
In tears and ruth?
Oh! what have you done—weeping there—
With your white youth?

MORE ADEY.

LITERATURE

IMAGE AND SUPERScription

Catalogue of Coins in the Indian Museum, Calcutta. Vol. ii.
Muhammadian Coins. By H. NELSON WRIGHT. (Oxford:
Clarendon Press.)

WITH commendable promptitude the second volume of this catalogue follows upon the first, of which a review appeared in these columns only a few weeks ago. Mr. Nelson Wright's task, however, cannot have been so interesting from the æsthetic point of view as that of Mr. Vincent Smith. For the interest of the Muhammadan coins of the Sultáns of Dehli is not artistic. It lies almost entirely in problems of metrology and history, and to a certain extent in the study of human nature.

The Muhammadan law which prohibits the representation of living things in its art is based upon a misconception of human nature, for the potentate who may not put his image on his coins makes up for it by lengthening—and strengthening—his superscription, and a pious vanity is the prevailing characteristic of phrases like "Sovereignty is not conferred upon every man; some are set up over others"; or "He who obeys the sovereign truly he obeys the merciful one (God)"; while these pale in grandiloquence before the strings of titles which fill the field and margin of many of these coins.

Nevertheless, Muhammadan coins are of inestimable value in the making of history, for very little is left to the imagination. A continuous series of such coins will display the pedigree, conquests and vicissitudes, and even the temperament of the sovereigns who caused them to be struck. And this volume, which contains the coins, in the Indian Museum, of the six dynasties of the Sultáns of Dehli (1193-1555 A.D., 589-962 A.H.) and of other contemporary Muhammadan rulers in various parts of India, is a history in itself for those who can interpret the coins aright.

Sad to say, however, the Sultáns of Dehli were for the most part poor creatures enough, to whom the pleasures of kingship were more attractive than its duties, though that strange Oriental compound of sensualism and almost ferocious vigour is occasionally met with, as in the person of Muhammad Bin Tughlaq, the second of the Tughlaq dynasty.

Mr. Nelson Wright omits the Ghazni coins from his list and begins with those of Muhammad Bin Sam. This monarch was a Ghori Turk, and his successors were his Turkish slaves and their descendants. His real footing in India dates from A.H. 589, after his defeat by Prithví Rájá. In his peculiar position as an alien conqueror and the pioneer of an alien faith he seems to have acted with considerable prudence in his handling of the coinage. Despite the custom of Islam to the contrary he retained the representations of living objects upon his coins as being familiar to his new subjects, and it is only upon his billon and copper coinage that inscriptions in Arabic character appear. The gold coins bear a rude representation of the goddess Lakshmi and an inscription in Nagari character. This is an extension of the principle adopted by Mahmúd of Ghazni, whose silver coins remained purely Muhammadan, while his copper was impressed with the Bull Nandi. Similarly on the coins here shown the Chauhan and Nawar horsemen recur frequently; but the coins of the later dynasties hardly bear out the statement which has been made elsewhere that the copper and billon always remained Indian and local in contradistinction to the more purely Islamic character of the gold and silver type, for the copper coins of Sher Shah, for example, are as purely Islamic as the gold.

It is in matters metrological that the greatest changes took place under Muhammadan rule. The first (Ghazni) coins were on the system of dinars and dirhems, borrowed from the denarius and drachma of the west. But these Ghazni dirhems and dinars are not found south of Rawal Pindi, and it was the old *rati*-unit which constituted the

basis of the accepted Muhammadan coinage of India. The small mixed silver and copper, Dehliwáls of Mahmúd weighed 56 grs., while the silver *tanka* of 100 ratis was about 175 grs., the lower weight being equal to 32 ratis. When we come to the Tughlaq dynasty (1320-1399) we find the same unit still persisting in spite of the vagaries of Muhammad Bin Tughlaq. For though that erratic monarch issued a gold dinar of 200 grs., and substituted for the silver *tanka* of 175 grs. an 'adli of 140 grs., both issues were shortlived, for the old *tanka* of 100 ratis was soon revived, while the 'adli weight which was in the relation to the *tanka* of 4 to 5, survived in the form of a coinage of mixed metal.

The brass tokens of this same Muhammad were an imitation of the fiduciary paper currency successfully introduced into China by Khubilay Khán. The system had failed in Persia, but Muhammad seems to have made a determined effort to force the brass tokens upon his subjects. These are the coins which bear the inscriptions quoted above, with the obvious implication that in accepting the coin at its fictitious value the subject was doing no more than his duty to Allah and his sovereign. In spite of the inscriptions however, this brass coinage was not a success, and Muhammad lost no time in redeeming it at its full face value. The result of this drain upon the Treasury was a scarcity of silver coins in the later years of his reign.

The character of Muhammad was of the capricious nature that his coinage would lead us to imagine it to have been. Thomas in his "Chronicles" describes him as "generous to profusion, an accomplished scholar, abstinent, a firm defender of his faith, and the most experienced general of his day"; yet he was merciless and ferocious, insanely despotic and furiously impatient of the smallest opposition to his will. He built up an empire in which his own madness sowed the seeds of disintegration, and the dynasty of the Tughlaqs, which began with conquest, ended with the sack of Dehli by Taimur, and the rise of Bahlol Lodí, an Afghan, who restored to Dehli much of its lost glory. Under Bahlol, the gold and silver of the Khaljis and Tughlaqs continued in circulation, the only new currency being the *bahloli* of mixed metal weighing about 145 grains. The uncertain proportions of silver and copper in these coins rendered exchange a complicated matter, till Sher Shah put the coinage on a satisfactory footing. He was the first of the Súri (the sixth) dynasty and in his short reign of six years (1539-1545 A.D., 948-952 A.H.) he reformed the fiscal and financial basis of his dominion. To him are due many of the valuable reforms for which the credit is given to Akbar by the latter's eulogists. He abolished the indigenous mixed-metal currency, and instituted the copper coin known as a *dám*, with its fractions of one-half, one-eighth and one sixteenth. The weight of a *dám* is uncertain quantity, but the most likely weight as deduced from the known weights of a large number of specimens seems to be 176 ratis (330 grains), or rather heavier than the *dám* of Akbar according to Abul Fazl. The rupee of Sher Shah was probably 180 grains of pure silver or 96 ratis. Sher Shah was also the first of the Muhammadan monarchs to introduce into the inscriptions of the coinage, the names of the mint cities.

The coins in this section of the catalogue comprise some magnificent specimens, especially among the gold coins of Mahmúd I., and in the series of Muhammad III. Bin Tughlaq. The fine silver comes of Islám Sháh are very well represented.

The long and monotonous series of the Sultáns of Bengal contains very few good specimens, and the types, with the ever recurring *khalima* and the frequent occurrence of disfiguring shroff-marks are very far from beautiful. Many of the specimens in this collection have also been subjected to the brutal test of the chisel by suspicious money-changers of the past. The coins of Sikander have rather more æsthetic pretensions than the rest.

There is nothing new in the section devoted to the Bahmanis of Kulbarga, and the Jaunpar section displays more variety in date than in type in spite of its numbers.

The Gujarát coinage offers some interesting metrological problems, which Mr. Wright attacks with singular lucidity: we can congratulate him heartily upon his clear summary of the facts.

The "mint-marks" of Málwa form a study in themselves, which is scarcely touched upon here. Considering the troublous history of Málwa, the metrology presents comparatively few difficulties. We cannot understand why Mr. Wright should describe the variations of the copper *tanka* as complicated. The beautiful little coin No. 38, weighing 42 grains, presents some difficulty, but its lightness may be no more than an accident. Certainly it is not the result of wear and tear, for it is in fine preservation. We have often noticed that exceptionally light coins are also exceptionally well preserved, and have been tempted to believe that they owe their state to their deficiency in weight, through dropping quickly out of circulation.

The arrangement of the catalogue differs slightly from that of the preceding volume. Metal and catalogue number appear in the same column, and the peculiarities of Muhammadan coinage demand columns for mint and date. The plates, of which there are eleven, are grouped together at the end of the sections to which they refer, and the metal, as well as the catalogue number of each coin, is indicated. The indices are excellent, especially that of the mints, and the glossary of titles is most useful, though it might have been improved by reference to the coins themselves. The map is that which has already proved so useful in the British Museum catalogue of Muhammadan coins.

We must own to anticipating with perhaps rather keener interest than the subject-matter of this volume can arouse, the volume containing the coins of the Mughals. But this catalogue is a worthy companion of Mr. Smith's volume, and will be of great value to seekers after first-hand data, whether for the study of Indian history or of Indian metrology. For the latter especially, this cabinet, with its large number of good specimens showing but little wear, is especially useful, and the simplicity of arrangement, together with the thoroughness of Mr. Wright's brief introduction to each section, makes this volume easy to handle and far more attractive than we should have thought a catalogue of such monotonous coins could be. Our only small grumble is against the binding, which might as well have been uniform with that of the first volume. But this is a minor matter. In all points of real importance the catalogue is all a catalogue should be.

THE JUDICIOUS HOOKER

Richard Hooker. By VERNON STALEY. (Masters, 3s. 6d. net.)

In selecting Richard Hooker as the subject of the first volume of a series issued under the title of "The Great Churchmen Series," Mr. Vernon Staley has made a natural and appropriate choice. Hooker will stand for all time as the most characteristic example of those "great excellencies and great attractions" of the Anglo-Catholic type of churchmanship which these monographs are designed to illustrate. The volume is to be followed by lives of Archbishop Laud, Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Cosin, and others who did so much in their day and generation to uphold and maintain unimpaired the Catholic and Apostolic character of the English Church. The character of Richard Hooker has attracted several excellent writers and scholars. Isaac Walton, in his exquisite biography, painted a glowing picture of him and his "Life of Mr. Richard Hooker" has come to be regarded as a classic. In our own day three brilliant

scholars, John Keble, Dean Church and Dr. Paget, have edited editions of his works, and have incidentally shed fresh light on his personality. Mr. Staley's book is little more than a collection of well-selected quotations from these sources. Of those who have written about him none can claim greater authority than John Keble. Spiritually and mentally akin to him, the author of "The Christian Year" brought to his study of the character of Hooker a sympathetic insight that made him an ideal biographer. So similar in temperament were the two that upholders of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls might well believe that Hooker lived again in Keble. Both men kept themselves singularly unspotted "alike from the conflicts and honours of the world." Both were by nature extremely sensitive, shy and bashful in their intercourse with strangers, quick to resist injustice, but sweet-natured to a degree. Both were scholars of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and both wrote epoch-making books. Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" and Keble's "Christian Year" are books which have had a wider and more permanent influence in the Church of England than any other books written.

Richard Hooker was not only a great Churchman—he was a great writer, a master of English prose. The first books of his "Ecclesiastical Polity" were produced at that wonderful period—the last ten years of the century and of Elizabeth's reign, which saw the publication of the first works of Shakespeare, the first essays of Bacon and the "Faery Queene" of Spenser. In the words of Dean Church in his fine tribute written as Introduction to Book I. of the "Ecclesiastical Polity" in the standard edition of Hooker's works: "The book first revealed to the nation what English prose might be. . . . Hooker, like Shakespeare and Bacon, may be said to have opened a new vein in the use of the English language." And again in another volume Dean Church wrote: "The gardens and force of English prose began in Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity.'" Hooker was, in fact, the beginner of what deserves to be called English literature in its theological and philosophical province. There is a story that a learned English Romanist in conversation with Pope Clement VII. asserted that he had never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author till he had read the first four books of "a poor obscure English priest" on "Laws and Church Polity."

It is not, however, with the literary aspect of Hooker's work that Mr. Staley's volume is mainly concerned. He views him from the religious standpoint as the saviour of Anglican theology from the yoke of Calvinism. The special value of a knowledge of Hooker's works for the Churchman of to-day is that a great deal of that which he wrote is as applicable to the controversies of the twentieth century as it was to those of the sixteenth. It is one of life's ironies that a man of Hooker's temperament should have been compelled by force of circumstance to pass so much of his time in controversy. And yet it may well be that had it not been for the opposition which met the statement of his views when he was Master of the Temple Church he would have passed his life in the quietness and obscurity which he so infinitely preferred. The "Ecclesiastical Polity" was the direct outcome of a keen controversy with Travers and Cartwright and the Puritan party which they represented. Hooker found himself face to face with a system in which he perceived fundamental flaws. To the Puritan theory of the purpose and function of Scripture as the exclusive guide of human conduct he offered his more comprehensive theory of a rule derived not from one alone but from all sources of light and truth with which man was encompassed. The design of the Ecclesiastical Polity was to settle current controversies concerning religion and government and to establish the reasonableness of the position of the Church of England as a *via media*. In controversy Hooker displayed an admirable spirit. His tone was never acrimonious or bitter. In all

arguments he showed the utmost tolerance of and courtesy to his opponents. Hallam's tribute to him as one who mingled in these controversies "like a knight of romance among caitiff brawlers with arms of finer temper" was wholly deserved.

Hooker realised to a peculiar degree the special genius of the Church of England. His attitude has come to be the recognised position of Anglican orthodoxy. The Oxford or Tractarian movement was mainly a restatement of the principles he had advocated—the Catholic faith according to the rule of the Church of England. There are many advanced Anglicans of the present day who consider Hooker not wholly sound. They welcome his teaching on Absolution and Confession, on Fasting and Baptism, but regard him as not entirely satisfactory on the Holy Eucharist and Apostolic Succession. In this volume Mr. Staley finds it necessary to explain away some ambiguous expressions of Hooker with regard to the Holy Communion. But while there may still be division of opinion as to the exact meaning of Hooker on certain theological and metaphysical points, the value of his great work for the Church of England is not open to question. Mr. Staley has done a real service in presenting in a handy volume an excellent summary of Hooker's life and work, which will be welcomed by those who revere him as a great theologian as also by those who honour him as a great master of English prose.

KITCHENER'S WAR

The Times History of the War in South Africa. Vol. v. (Sampson Low, 21s. net.)

It is greatly to the credit of Mr. Erskine Childers, the editor of this volume, that he has managed to make a connected and intelligible story out of an apparently endless tangle of disconnected skirmishing. His task was to describe the guerilla war, roughly speaking Lord Kitchener's period of command, from November 1900 to the conclusion of peace, though the guerilla war really began three months before Lord Roberts ceased to be commander-in-chief in South Africa. We cannot attempt to trace in detail the varying fortunes of this guerilla war, which was waged with so much local success and for so long owing to the spirit of local patriotism which was at once the strength and the weakness of the Boers: it is difficult even to divide the subject up into divisions such as the De Wet hunts and the campaigns against De La Rey. De Wet, of course, was the great enemy during this period; he was also our chief instructor.

His practice of carrying nothing on the men but their arms and ammunition, his superb night marches, his ruses, doublings, twistings, his bold use of ground, and, to a certain extent, his skill in handling a convoy became eventually the methods of his foes. But in some important points he was never to be successfully imitated. Administrative deficiencies and bad horsemastership caused the lesson of employing large numbers of led horses to be wasted. De Wet's independence of artillery was ignored, and, most important of all, his scouting was never approached.

Here indeed was a foe who was a master from whom to learn. Since he crossed the Magaliesberg in August no British column ever succeeded in keeping in touch with him for more than twenty-four hours, and very rarely for more than twelve hours; but he had limitations which became the more apparent as his force increased in size. He more than once refused a fight when the odds were in his favour, he was chased from day to day like a hare, and on one occasion a subaltern and forty men managed to turn De Wet with three thousand followers from his purpose. The personality of this man had as much effect on the course of this latter part of the war as had that of Lord Kitchener himself.

The task which confronted Lord Kitchener when he definitely took over the command of the army in South Africa was as complex, but not as serious, a problem as any

that a British general has ever had to face. The British aim in the first place was without precedent: it was not merely the conquest but the absorption of a free white race firmly rooted in the soil. The problem was as largely political as military. Both sides had had their fill of war, and both were determined to cling to their determination of winning. In theory the Boer territories were annexed, and the British object was to enforce this theory, and, when the echoes of war had died away, to make their stubborn farmer opponents loyal and contented citizens of the Imperial family. According to all precedents the attainment of a satisfactory settlement rested not with the military but with the civil powers in South Africa, but the situation was at the close of the war unique, so the military and political surrenders were closely intertwined owing to the fact that Lord Kitchener was fighting against a nation in arms. The army became the chief arbiter in the settlement, and though Lord Milner favoured, from the political point of view, unconditional surrender, Lord Kitchener, primarily from the military but incidentally from the political point of view, was content to obtain a surrender in terms.

It required a man of great ability and equally great courage to grapple with the problems which faced Lord Kitchener. He faced them in a characteristic way. In the first place he consistently did what seemed to him to be expedient, ignoring precedent and tradition in a way which was anathema to the older school of soldiers. He descended at times upon a scene of disturbance, superseded local commanders, and selected on the spur of the moment and regardless of seniority the best men he could find, robbing distant districts for the benefit of the threatened area. Further, he even intervened in operations, and sent orders sometimes to the general in charge and sometimes to the general's subordinates; so that the main question became, Was there in Kitchener's subordinates a sufficient foundation of capacity for guerilla war and of readiness to take responsibility? The chief himself was certainly fitted for the command.

Besides an iron constitution, Kitchener had the rare gift of equanimity. Under a burden which would have crushed smaller men he preserved a serene and confident spirit, and he transmitted this confidence to the army, the Government, and the nation. All recognised in him a great and commanding personality, not, indeed, above criticism, but compelling trust. He had no rivals. There was never a moment when his fitness for the high place he occupied was not manifest and unquestioned. Once, in October 1901, thinking he detected dissatisfaction, he offered to resign his post; the Government firmly refused to entertain the idea.

Criticisms of generals, since they are only mortal, is always possible, and of Kitchener in South Africa it is possible mainly on the line that he regarded the problem of the guerilla war as one of organisation. His policy of centralisation, natural enough, led to effects more mechanical than any suggestive of a living organism. He was inclined to think too much of propelling and too little of educating his army, to look rather to the quantity than to the quality of the work done, without observing the defects which made the end so long delayed. The policy of devastation, for example, was unqualified by instructions which might have shown that the aim was secondary and not primary: his overwork of some columns and his neglect of the remount question were other instances of the effects of centralisation.

This new volume of the history which will be the standard history of the war carries the tale to the end of the fighting. It presents, even more than the preceding volumes, a clear narrative of events, and the criticism which it contains, though abundant, is consistently fair and is, happily, never extreme. The history has maps which are not in every case clear enough—the wanderings of the Transvaal Government are not elucidated by the pictorial puzzle intended as a guide—but which can be deciphered and worked out by the ardent student.

BYRONISM IN FRANCE

Byron et le Romantisme Français. Essai sur la fortune et l'influence de l'œuvre de Byron en France de 1812 à 1850. Par EDMOND ESTÈVE. (Paris: Hachette & Cie., 10 frs.)

THE late M. Brunetière, it may be remembered, identified Romanticism with Lyricism, and summarised it as "the Emancipation of the Ego." This sibylline-crystalline phrase he subsequently expanded to the effect that numerous definitions had been given of Romanticism, and others were continually being offered—all, or almost all of them, containing a part of the truth. Madame de Staël was right when she asserted in her "Allemagne" that Paganism and Christianity, the North and the South, Antiquity and the Middle Ages, had divided between them the history of literature; Romanticism, in consequence, in contrast to classicism, was a combination of chivalry, the Middle Ages, the literature of the North, and Christianity.

It is impossible to point a finger at a man or a date and to say with precision, "The Romantic movement in France began with such a man at midnight on such a date." It was the outcome of certain forces at work, forces which were in themselves the inevitable result of reaction against classicalness; in short it was a revolution of thought seeking a new form of expression. Scott, Lessing, Chateaubriand paved the way for the more developed influence of Victor Hugo, Shelley, and, above all, Byron. Contemporaneously with Scott passing over from verse to prose ("Lady of the Lake," 1810; "Waverley," 1814), Byron came to his own ("Childe Harold," 1812; "The Corsair," 1814); the former describes his migration from the one medium to the other in the prefaces to the 1830 edition of his poems.

It is impossible to overrate Byron's direct influence on the Romantic movement in France, and indeed throughout Europe. The writer whom Goethe styled "the greatest genius of his century" was worshipped at home and abroad, and when he bore through the continent "the pageant of his bleeding heart," it was felt that

... thousands counted every groan
And Europe made his woe her own.

A critic has said, and it is hardly worth denying, that Scott and Byron were "practically improvisatori," and must be judged as such, not by our own standards. This spontaneity was a strong element in Romanticism. Matthew Arnold hints at it in his couplet on Byron;

He taught us little, but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.

Romanticism exalted above all else the individual view. Every man in the movement of the period was a Byron seeking to utter the voice of his own heart, for good or evil. Byron represented to the aspiring artist with the overflowing Ego, the independence, the revolt against established conventions, together with a characteristic gloom and semi-transparent mystery, which appealed mightily to the sentiment of the anti-formalists.

Of the beginning of the revolt Théophile Gautier says:

There were only two full beards in France; the beard of Eugène Devéria and the beard of Petrus Borel. To wear them required a courage, a coolness, and a contempt for the crowd truly heroic. . . . It was the fashion then in the romantic school to be pale, livid, greenish, a trifle cadaverous if possible. It gave one an air of doom; Byronic, glaucous, devoured by passion and remorse.

M. Edmond Estève in his important and scholarly book inquires at great length and with the minutest detail as to the exact extent of the Byronic influence on the literature of the period, and examines carefully the works of Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Alexandre Dumas, and George Sand with a view to discover in how far they were indebted to the English poet. He goes so far as to say:

Tous, de Lamartine à Théophile Gautier, de Stendhal à Alfred de Musset, de Vigny à Théodore de Banville, d'Alexandre Dumas à

George Sand, quand ils n'ont pas imité les attitudes de l'illustre Anglais, copié ses tirades, accueilli ses inspirations, ont du moins proclamé unanimement, comme une vérité d'évidence sa royauté littéraire.

That M. Estève has made a thorough, profound, and intelligent study of Byronic literature is evident from his first page to his last, and he appends to his volume a bibliography of some four hundred books which he has consulted and studied. As a result his work is as authoritative as it is sound, and his accuracy vouched for to the smallest detail. His conclusions are obvious and undeniable.

There is a passage in the *Mémoires* of Chateaubriand in which he taunts Byron with borrowing sentiments if not ideas; but it would seem that Byronism, as generally understood, was in the air, and was so called after the poet who first gave vocal expression to what was almost universally felt by those who revolted against the current conventions.

Alfred de Musset grew up in this rather rarified atmosphere, and, "Voltairean and dandy" as he was, viewed life and the world as a period and place "de jolies moments et de mauvais quarts d'heure," which he expressed, partially, at least, in his *Souvenir des Alpes* (1854):

Byron dans sa tristesse altière,
Disait un jour, passant par ce pays:
"Quand je vois aux sapins cet air de cimetière
Cela ressemble à mes amis."

Ils sont pourtant beaux, ces pins foudroyés,
Byron, dans ce désert immense;
Quand leurs rameaux morts craignaient sous tes pieds,
Ton cœur entendait leur silence.

Incidentally, M. Estève gives an interesting list of thirty poems on the death of Lord Byron, published in Paris between 1824 and 1830, an eloquent testimony of French feeling at the loss of a man, a poet, a patriot, and an enthusiast who appealed peculiarly to the national sentiment. This is summed up by the line from George Sand's "Essai sur le drame fantastique": "Le sombre génie de Byron est l'esprit romantique du xix^e siècle."

No one with a sense for Byronic literature can afford to neglect this newest contribution. It puts into concrete form what we have always believed, but gives us chapter and verse for our belief.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA SOCIETY AGAIN

Recently Recovered 'Lost' Tudor Plays, with some others.
Edited by JOHN S. FARMER. Privately printed for subscribers by the Early English Drama Society.

The Interlude of Wealth and Health. The Malone Society Reprints.

The Interlude of Johan the Evangelist. The Malone Society Reprints.

THREE of the plays in Mr. Farmer's volume—*Wealth and Health*, *Impatient Poverty*, and *John the Evangelist*—were among those discovered in Ireland in 1906 and sold in London in the autumn of that year. No other copies are known to exist, and the three were purchased by the British Museum. "It is my good fortune," writes Mr. Farmer in his paper, "to be the first to make the three 'lost' plays available for scholars." We should hasten to congratulate him, but for two considerations: that of the three plays, two had already been reprinted before the appearance of Mr. Farmer's volume; and that after examining that volume scholars may decide that the third play is not yet "available for" them. The first demand of a scholar is for an accurate text: Mr. Farmer's text does not even profess to be accurate. The spelling is modernised, the punctuation (in which the principal marks are dashes and notes of exclamation) is all Mr. Farmer's own. There is not, it might be thought, much harm in that. Though we have protested over and over again in these columns against these modernised texts, it

is doubtless true that there are many readers too indolent or too indifferent to be troubled with old spelling and punctuation. The matter is more serious than it might appear at first sight. In *Wealth and Health* (B. iii. r) one of the characters, called Ill Will, speaks as follows:

For I am chylde that is pas grace
Ilwyll I am called that in every place
Doth much mischief.

Left to himself with the original text, the reader of average intelligence would punctuate it in the obvious manner:

For I am a child that is past grace.
Ill-Will I am called, that in every place
Doth much mischief.

This will not do for Mr. Farmer. By throwing the words "I am called that in every place" into a parenthesis, he can not only work in a pair of his favourite dashes, but can make the character speak of himself both in the first and the third persons in the same speech, can lay an unwarrantable meaning and an exceedingly ugly emphasis on the word "that," and can substitute clumsiness for simplicity. And more: this modernisation of text invariably leads, in untrained hands, to mistakes. A few instances will serve, and we will take them from the same play, *Wealth and Health*:

B. i. r.
Seyng that helth and I am met
As feloweh together.

By reading "felloweth" instead of "felowes" (fellows) Mr. Farmer makes nonsense.

B. i. r.
and take me rest.

By forgetting to modernise and leaving "me" Mr. Farmer turns his author suddenly into an imitator of Cockney dialect—a Mr. Pett Ridge.

B. i. v.
With you I should beholde

Obviously "be bolde." Mr. Farmer changes to "behold" and makes nonsense again.

B. i. v.
for ifye loue me,

an intelligent moderniser would have changed to "if he love me" and made sense. Mr. Farmer leaves "ye."

B. ii. v.
some kindes agayne then let hym finde

Obviously, if we must have typographical errors corrected, "kindes" stands for "kindnes" (kindness). Mr. Farmer prints "kinds," and makes nonsense.

B. iv. v.
We must deuose how that we may.

"Deuose" has been too hard for Mr. Farmer. He prints "deuose," and seems not to have thought of "devise."

C. i. r.
He is called lust, discreete and indifference.

We can only marvel that, if misprints are to be corrected, the very obvious "lust" for "just" has been passed over.

C. i. r.
Yet often tymes I haue bene harde bestadde.

Can Mr. Farmer be ignorant of the word "bested" (from bestead) that he invents a word "bestrad" and then leaves it unexplained?

D. i. v.
ye can wt. craft and subtel tiget englishmēs welth away.

"Subtlety get" is a reading which, we should have imagined, would have occurred as obvious even to the "kiddies" to whom Mr. Farmer refers in one of his scholarly

notes: of "subtle figure," which appears in his text, we can make nothing. A similar case is the "sermon i-fashion" which Mr. Farmer gives us in a passage of his *John the Evangelist* where the original has "sermony-sacyon."

Previous volumes of this series may have suggested that it was only excessive confidence in the work of other editors that led Mr. Farmer astray. In order to show that to imagine this is to misjudge him, we must add a few instances from another play of which he has had no opportunity of seeing a reprint. Let us take that of *Johan the Evangelist*, which was also among the unknown plays discovered in Ireland last year. To begin with, Mr. Farmer persistently contracts "Johan" into "John"; and is therefore compelled (when seized with a respect for metre which does not always trouble him), to fill out the last syllable with a word of his own.

I am Johan that presently dothe apere,

reads the quarto. "I am that John," is Mr. Farmer's version.

A. ii. v.

Who so wyll labour in this must se his habytacyon
Be solytary in soule of great quyettesse.

Imperfect acquaintance with the meanings of the word "habitation" has led to Mr. Farmer's misunderstanding this passage. He imagines that "his habitation" means Heaven, gives a capital "h" to "his" and puts a comma after "habitation."

A. iv. v.

Lo thus hath loste wedded confusyon.

Why so energetic an improver of texts should have passed over the simple change of "lust" for "loste" is strange. But we are sometimes compelled to think that a display of ingenuity and erudition is Mr. Farmer's object, rather than the understanding of his author's sense.

B. iii. v.

By oure ladye a maystere I haue soughte nye and farre,

says Evil Counsel, who has spent all his money and wishes to take service with a gentleman. "By our lady and master!" reads Mr. Farmer, leaving it uncertain what it is that Evil Counsel has been seeking.

C. i. v.

Otherwyle goynge and somtyme rydynge.

Evil Counsel has just explained that he usually dwells in a place we do not mention nowadays; other whiles he travels. What is the meaning of "otherwise," which is Mr. Farmer's version?

C. iii. v.

The gospell sayd, who doth hye hym shall be owe.

Mr. Farmer's acquaintance with the Gospels is not sufficient to suggest the obvious "low" for "owe." He reads "ho," and adds a fatuous note.

An additional source of confusion is the fact that a number of words (e.g., "conning" for "cunning," "tane" for "ta'en") are left in their old forms; and the notes pass over any number of words which need explanation.

We could give a hundred other instances of glaring errors, did space permit. But we cannot refrain from adding a peculiarly rich example. In *Wealth and Health*, Health says that Wealth is a fugitive. "What sayst thou," replies Wealth, "am I a fagetyue." The "f" is indistinct in the recently discovered text; it might, as the Malone Society's editor notes, be a "t." Mr. Farmer reads "tagetive," and adds this priceless note:

I can find no trace of this word. Can Wealth be regarded as offended at being spoken to as if he were one of the "tag" or rabble?

This is *difficilior lectio potior* with a vengeance! When Mr. Wheatley brings out another edition of his "Literary

Blunders," let us hope that he will not forget the story of Mr. Farmer hunting for the word "tagetive."

Of the editing of the other plays in this volume we need say little, beyond expressing our amazement that one who admits that he has never even seen the Macro manuscripts should presume not only to reprint the plays in them but to criticise the work of scholars like Brandl, Manly, Furnivall and Pollard. "By punctuation often and *in toto*," writes Mr. Farmer of the play *Mankind*, "I differ from all three [*i.e.*, Brandl, Manly, and the Early English Text Society's editor], jointly and severally; varying the interpretation. These I have noted." And we do not know whether to marvel more at Mr. Farmer's English or his impudence. We can but remember that Thersites railed—and why.

After all, the class of work issued by the Early English Drama "Society" is sufficiently well known among English scholars to need no further exposure. But we do desire very strongly to point out to the "subscribers" to that "Society" that in reading these volumes they are reading Mr. Farmer and not the reputed authors of these plays, and especially to implore foreign students not to take these publications as fair examples of English scholarship.

We have only to add that the handsome volumes published by the Malone Society, under the general editorship of Mr. W. W. Greg, are admirable in every particular. Printed in black letter, they give as nearly exact a transliteration of the original as was possible in the circumstances and add a full list of irregular and doubtful readings.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

Canada. Painted by T. MOWER MARTIN. Described by WILFRED CAMPBELL. (Black, 20s. net.)

MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL is, we believe, a poet of some ability and much perseverance, but there is little felicity of phrase in his attempt to describe Canada. He lacks the faculty of condensation, and the subject has proved too large for him: while Mr. Mower Martin's part of the book is almost always happy and suggestive, Mr. Campbell's can only be described as a colossal failure. The reason is not far to seek, it lies in superficial observation and a narrow comprehension. Mr. Campbell is a man who

only sees one way at once,
One mind-point and no other at a time.

He is utterly unable to measure a man or a country complex in character, nor does he realise that a phrase which, if enshrined in verse, might (possibly) go down to posterity, becomes bathetic and ridiculous when employed to describe butter or frozen meat. The insertion of a poem of his own at the beginning of the book suggests an egoism which we find difficult to pardon; and a great deal of other inferior verse is dragged in merely because it happens to be about Canada or written by a Canadian. Mr. Campbell, indeed, reveals throughout an amazing lack of perception or discrimination—as when, in a eulogy on "Sam Slick," he says:

Haliburton was not merely a wit; like Howe, he was a far-seeing philosopher, and much that he predicted regarding Canada has come to pass. He foresaw not only Confederation, but also, as Howe did, Imperial federation, and he was the first Canadian to win a seat in the British House of Commons.

His satire on the Yankee character of the day was inimitable, and made him noted on both sides of the Atlantic. Dickens never depicted a character more truly and successfully than Haliburton has the hypocritical cheat of his day in the following terse dialogue:

"Sam, have you watered the spirits?"
"Yes, sir."
"Have you sanded the sugar?"
"Yes, sir."
"Then come up to prayers."

Is it not clever? By that selection one may measure Mr. Campbell's standards. When he attempts to describe

the natural features of the country he says remarkable things. At one time he tells us that "the scenery is picturesque, and varied according to locality," or that "the scenery is well worth seeing," such and such a trip affording a fine view of "a very beautiful city and a progressive business centre"; at another he speaks of "the cool, deep-bosomed heaven of the brooding nights"! Over Canadian men he waxes eloquent: one hero who died, "chose the only noble, God-like, splendid way," and

made his exit, as Earth's great have gone,
By that vast doorway looking out on Death.

It was indeed a fine accomplishment; but we fear that others besides earth's great have done as much. Of another hero—an engineer—Mr. Campbell stands so much in awe that he refers to him as ———, "Esq." We have no wish unduly to disparage Mr. Campbell's work, but this sort of thing is puerile. The text of the book is a mere catalogue, broken up in parts by the sort of verse which, in this age of culture, is beginning to creep into catalogues; and the stay-at-home Englishman will lay down the book with no wider knowledge of Canada than the illustrations impart. Mr. Mower Martin's pictures are, as we have said, excellent. We suggest that Messrs. Black should issue them separately: others beside ourselves would, we feel sure, like to have them without the text which, in this as in other volumes in the same series, detracts from their charm by irritating the reader.

The Stone Implements of South Africa. By J. P. JOHNSON.
(Longmans, 7s. 6d.)

THE author of this little book has made a collection of South African stone implements which covers a wide range both in point of geography and time. These he has classified as far as possible in chronological order, with careful notes as to their provenance, and has prefaced his arrangement by a few clear and sensible remarks in which he points out the important bearing of the facts of river terrace formation upon the classification of the objects found therein. But in his anxiety to be impartial in the use of his evidence, he has attained a degree of obscurity which is to be regretted. He seems almost to be afraid to state a conclusion, lest it should be counted to him for unfairness towards those whose opinions differ from his own.

Mr. Johnson is an "eolithist," if we may coin the word. The main difficulty which confronts those who interest themselves in "man's first artefact" is that it is "hard to tell where Nature ends and Art begins." And so many of these "implements," considered on their own apparent merits, are so very like mere broken stones that Mr. Johnson has rendered a considerable service to anthropology by his exceedingly careful notes as to the conditions and associations of their "find-spots," for, as he truly says, it is by such external evidence alone that the dispute over their material or artificial origin can ever be settled. Another fact to which he gives the prominence it deserves is, that it is impossible to classify rigidly such extremely primitive productions, for there is nothing to choose between a bad palæolith and a good eolith, or between a good palæolith and a bad neolith. The implements from the Victoria Falls are particularly illustrative of this fact.

The beautiful series of minute chert implements from Riverton, famous for its rock-drawings, are of a type known in Europe and India, and are said to be of unknown use. The present writer has handled a large collection, of a similar type to some of these, from West Africa and the Congo, where they are used in ceremonial connected with the arrival of young girls at a marriageable age. For some of these shapes, however, the suggestion has been made that they may be tattooing instruments, while the characteristic crescent form may have been made for fishing, tied to a sinew and used after the fashion which is known to-day as eel-snigging. The Hastings middens

have yielded many similar crescent-shaped pieces. It will be noted that the find-spots of this type are all close to water.

Mr. Johnson's main conclusion is that the Primitive, Palæolithic and Advanced groups of implements are of different ages, not merely of different but co-existing stages of civilisation. The questions as to the race which made them, and their degree of antiquity, actual and relative, he leaves open, but inclines to the belief that the "Bushmen" were the makers, owing to the close association between the advanced group of implements and the paintings and etchings which may be referred to the same source; and he calls attention to the analogous association of paintings and advanced stone implements in the rock shelters of Western Europe.

The book is a modest and temperate little essay in a wide field of research, and should provide valuable data for anthropologists, to whom the sources upon which the author draws are inaccessible at first hand. It is perhaps a pity that the illustrations should be in line, which is scarcely suitable for the rendering of these irregular forms, but it must be admitted that they are drawn with great care and knowledge.

MAD DOGS

ONE of the worst features of the power of the press, in this newspaper-ridden country of ours, is the undue importance which is given to the utterances of certain noisy and irresponsible people on subjects concerning which they are absolutely unqualified to speak. We have recently been favoured at considerable length in the papers with the reported views of Mr. Bryce on Poetry and on the Drama. Mr. Bryce's views on these subjects turn out to be precisely the sort of views that one might expect to hear from any ordinary member of the upper middle classes. There are probably about eight hundred thousand blameless citizens in the country at this moment who hold, more or less, the same views. There is no harm in these views, and nobody could possibly object to their being held by their holders. On the other hand they are quite unintelligent and completely uninteresting. It is more than probable that a large proportion of the remaining eight hundred thousand people referred to would be quite ready to give their views on Poetry and the Drama if they were given the chance. If then in the opinion of the editors of the papers who publish these reports these views are of themselves of any value or interest, why is it that the eight hundred thousand are not given an opportunity of expressing them, and that Mr. Bryce is given that opportunity? Of course the editors would triumphantly reply to such a question, "because Mr. Bryce is the British Ambassador at Washington." But really this implies a most lamentable and childish confusion of thought. The fact that a man is an Ambassador does not necessarily or even probably imply that his views on literature or the Drama will be of any interest to any one except himself. As a matter of fact the kind of qualities which conduce to making a man a successful diplomatist are not at all the sort of qualities that go to make a man a good critic of literature. It is quite possible of course to be an Ambassador and yet to be a good judge of literature (the thing has actually been done), but it is equally possible and vastly more probable for a man to be an Ambassador and to have quite foolish views on literature. That also has been done.

However, it is not with Mr. Bryce that we are mainly concerned. We have heard his views, and, as we have said before, they are quite harmless and inoffensive. They may even have afforded a certain amount of innocent amusement to people who have a wide and tolerant sense of humour. In short, to a certain extent "they give delight and hurt not." Moreover, Mr. Bryce is in a

position to plead that he was asked to give his views by certain "courteous and genial" representatives of the American press, and that in complying with their request he was merely giving expression to his own courtesy and geniality.

But the same excuse could not be made in the case of "Father" Ignatius, who has recently been giving his views on the nude in art in the following words: "The nude in art is diabolical and pagan, and it is the duty of the Church to protest. There is no high art in stripping off clothes. Nude art ought to be swept away from the walls of the Academy. It ought to be swept out of the country." We are further informed by the newspapers which so unnecessarily reported this fatuous, ignorant and offensive diatribe, that "Father" Ignatius interrupted his sermon to ask the congregation how many of them were ready to drive away the nude in art. Whereupon, nearly the whole congregation (mainly ladies) stood up. "Father" Ignatius, like any one else in this free country, is entitled to hold any views he may choose to hold about art or anything else, he also undoubtedly has a perfect right to express his views, and if there are a sufficient number of foolish and ignorant people who are amused or interested by listening to him, that is their affair. By all means let "Father" Ignatius, dressed in the habit of a Benedictine monk (which by the way he has absolutely no right to wear), continue to talk nonsense to the unfortunate people (mainly ladies!) who are so destitute of intelligent interest in life and so devoid of sense of decency as to be able to spare the time to listen to him. Every one has his or her idea of what is a pleasant and what is a profitable method of spending his time. But you will observe that "Father" Ignatius and his congregation (mainly ladies) are not content to enjoy their little sensation in peace and allow other people to have their own views about what concerns them. They wish to impose their own vulgarity and prurient hypocrisy on every one else. Because "Father" Ignatius and his congregation are so constituted that the sight of a naked statue or a picture "causes [to quote his own words] feelings to surge which our Lord called courting adultery," you and I are to be deprived of the right to go to the British Museum and look at the frieze of the Parthenon. And the papers report this man! Why? Who wants to hear, who cares what he and his congregation think about any subject under God's sun? These sort of people are the mad dogs of life; they ought to be muzzled. It is a great mistake to under-rate their power for evil. In the past they have done frightful damage, and their presence in our midst is a constant menace to liberty and to everything that is fair and decent and comely in life. Let the papers ignore them and their poison-teeth will be drawn.

To report their words and thereby give them a vast publicity, is to pander to the craving for notoriety and the burning desire to attract notice at any cost, which is the explanation of their conduct and the chief object of their existence.

A. D.

EXCAVATIONS AT AMESBURY ABBEY, WILTS

AMESBURY (Ambrosbury, Ambresbury, Ambresbyre, or Ambresbire) from remotest times has been an important religious centre; and we may well imagine the neighbourhood of the sacred sun temple, Stonehenge, to have been the scene of many an imposing pagan rite and ceremony. Amesbury is mentioned (says Canon Jackson) in the "Welsh Triads" as one of the three greatest early Christian centres, viz.,

The chief Perpetual Choirs of Britain—the Choir of Llan Iltud Vawr, Glamorganshire, the Choir of Ambrosius, Amesbury, and the Choir of Glastonbury. Each choir numbered 2400 saints. Thus were

there 100 saints for every hour of the day and night, in rotation, praising God without rest or intermission.

About the year 980 the Saxon Elfrida or Ethelfrida, queen dowager of Edgar, founded a Benedictine nunnery at Amesbury to expiate the murder of her stepson Edward the Martyr at Corfe Castle. The nunnery church was dedicated to Saint Mary and Saint Melorius, Melior, Molore, or Melor, for one meets the name spelt in all these different manners. The "Boy Martyr," as he is called, has a tragic history. The son of a Breton prince, "Melian," who reigned over Cornouaille in Brittany say 530 to 537, Melian's brother, Rivold, treacherously stabbed him to the heart and usurped his dominions, at the same time seizing his son "Melor" and cutting off his right hand and left foot, so as to incapacitate him from reigning, as by Celtic law no one with the slightest bodily blemish is qualified for the sovereignty. Melor fled to Quimper, where tradition says a cunning man made for him a "hand of silver" and "a foot of bronze." Rivold's cruel treatment of Melor aroused such sympathy for him that the wicked Rivold, becoming alarmed, resolved to have him murdered. This he did by means of "Cerealthan," Melor's foster father, who, when he had carried out his barbarous project, took the head of Melor to Rivold, at the same time demanding his reward. The usurper answered: "I promised you as much land as you could see from the summit of the nearest hill. Good, you shall have it; but first of all I will put your eyes out." The body of the unfortunate Melor was laid at Lammear (Lam Mawr—the Great Church—situate to the east of Morlaix in Brittany), where there is a tenth-century crypt under the church containing a holy well, and in earlier times Melor's tomb. At the time of the incursion of Northmen the body was carried by some emigrant Bretons and laid at Amesbury.

In 1177 the abbess and nuns of Amesbury, "renowned for their wit and beauty," fell under the heavy displeasure of Henry II., and after a council held at Northampton, the king, accompanied by the primate and a train of bishops, visited Amesbury in person and assisted at the deposition of the abbess and her nuns and the installation of a prioress and nuns from Font Evrault in Normandy. The cause of the offence of the nuns of Amesbury is described as "the Baseness of their lives, the dissoluteness of their order, and the disgrace in which they lived openly spread abroad." Sir Richard Colt Hoare tells us that these wicked nuns were distributed among strict religious houses so as to be under a severer discipline in future.

The order of Font Evrault was founded in 1047 by Robert d'Arbrissel, who before his death saw three thousand nuns, at Font Evrault alone, the great singularity of the order being that authority is vested in an Abbess, whose rule extends over monks as well as nuns. Under the new French Prioress (and Amesbury being a priory the Superioress should be called a Prioress and not an Abbess although the meaning of the words is more or less identical) the Convent entered upon a period of some centuries of great prosperity, reigned over by different Prioresses. It was a celebrated place of interment for distinguished and royal personages. In 1287 Eleanor of Provence was buried within its walls. Inigo Jones in his "Stone-heng Restored," p. 25, describes a tomb found on the site of the Convent.

Amongst other sepulchres found at the said Monastery it's worthy that, about the beginning of this Century, one of them, hewn out of a firm stone, and placed in the middle of a wall was opened; having upon its coverture, in rude letters of massive gold, "R.G.A.C. 600." The bones within the sepulchre were all firm, fair, yellow-coloured hair about the skull, a supposed peecce of the liver near upon the bignesse of a walnut, very dry and hard, and together therewith were found several Royal habiliments, as jewels, veils, scarfs, and the like retaining even then their proper colours—all which were afterwards very choicely kept in the collection of the Right Honourable Edward Earl of Hertford; and of the aforesaid gold divers rings were made and worn by his Lordship's principall officers.

Inigo Jones conjectured that these might be the remains of Guinever, but Webb (his nephew) thought that the

letters may have misread for Regina Alianora, etc. At the Reformation Henry VIII. gave Amesbury to Edward Earl of Hertford, afterward Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector of England. The actual grant of Amesbury from the Crown to Lord Hertford bears the date of April 7, 1541; he was probably in possession soon after its surrender (sixteen months previously): the survey states that the whole of the monastic buildings "deemed superfluous" (*i.e.*, sentenced to be destroyed) or not were committed by the Royal Commissioners to the custody of John Barwick, "servant to the Earl of Hertford."

At the present moment we are anxious to ascertain whether the beautiful church now standing, dedicated to St. Mary and Melore, is the Priory Church or merely the Parish Church. Mr. Kite, in his most interesting history of Amesbury, which wanders on through several numbers of "Wiltshire Notes and Queries," is strongly of opinion that it is the Priory Church and at the same time the Parish Church, being used simultaneously by nuns and parishioners. Mr. Kite considers the dedication alone might prove the point. Bishop Tanner in his "Notitia Monastica" says that Ethelfrida in founding her nunnery at Amesbury dedicated it to the patronage of St. Mary and Melorius. The Royal Charters, confirming the grant by Henry II. of this earlier foundation to the Abbey of Font Evrault in 1177, bore the same dedication, and this with the relics of Melorius deposited at Amesbury, continued without doubt to be the dedication of the monastic Church. In 1492, half a century before the dissolution, this church was in the full possession of the nuns, and Thomas Bundy, a parishioner of Amesbury, desires that his body may be buried in the church of St. Melore. In the nave of the church there was a brass plate to Editha Matyn who died 1470 (Mr. Butterfield architect removed this and had it buried in the chancel, during his destructive "Restoration" in 1853. He broke up the old Font, a picture of which is in the "The Hundred of Ambresbury" vol. of Sir R. Colt Hoare's "Wiltshire," and did other damage). Her husband Robert Matyn of Durrington left in his will in 1509 "To my lady Prioress of Amesbury 3s. 4d., to every lady householder of the same place 8d., to every veiled lady 4d., to the Parish Church of Amesbury he bequeathed 4 sheep." Later on in 1542 (three years after the dissolution of monasteries) we find Nicholas Chambers desiring burial in the body of the Church of St. Melore before the rood. He also makes a bequest to the High Altar of St. Melore, as well as to All Souls' light, St. Stephen's light, and the Maiden's light, in the same church. In later Amesbury wills we find mention of a Jesus Chapel in the Parish Church. This may have been at the East end of the South Aisle where there are traces of a piscina. In 1866 Canon Jackson found some important papers at Longleat (Lord Bath's) relating to the demolition of the Abbey, leaving part intact to be built into Lord Hertford's dwelling-house.

From Longleat's Survey of the lead on the roofs of monastic buildings we have:

Contents of the lead upon the late monastery of Amesbury viewed by Christopher Dreye and George Hynde, plumbers, at the command of Thomas Cumine, the King's Sergeant Plumber, 22 September, Henry VIII. (1540).

THE CHURCH.

A steep roof over the high altar and Quire, 51 feet long and 24 feet in depth on either side.

North aisle steep roof 40 feet long.

South aisle (Mr. Kite thinks North and South Transepts are meant).

Steep roof 39 feet long, etc. etc.;

and so on with the measurements of the spire, Body of Church, Lady Chapel, St. John's Chapel, the Cloister, the Dormitory, the Fraternity or Refectory, the Jesse*), the

* The Jesse, an apartment 110 ft. by 30, perhaps derived its name from a piece of Sculpture or stained glass representing the "Tree of Jesse."

Hall, Kent's Chamber. A beautiful old flint and stone lodge at Amesbury still bears the name of "Kent" House. Mr. St. John Hope, Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, considers it to be part of the monastic buildings, as well as the grand wall enclosing the park on the north-east side.

THE ABBESSES' CHAMBER AND THE OLD PARLOUR.

All the measurements are given and those relating to the Church Mr. Kite can reconcile with the present Church, Mr. Talbot (of Lacock Abbey) takes an opposite view and says that this is not possible. Mr. John Barwick, the Earl of Hertford's steward, took over the monastic buildings for his master. Mr. Kite says the Longleat papers are the only evidence of the spoliation which followed. The Church spire was destroyed in Easter week. One "William Nottingham," of the George Inn (the name of the present Inn at Amesbury), has an account for payments for "trying melting and casting the lead, March 31 (1541)." This work occupied ten weeks. Seven men were paid at the rate of sixpence a day, and a watchman who sat up and watched the lead received fourpence a night. For the Church spire "the hire of a horse from Amesbury to Easton to speak with Mr. Berwick about the pulling down of the steeple" cost fourpence; two line cords to be used for the same purpose, twelvepence; and two shillings and eightpence was paid for two pounds of gunpowder bought at Salisbury to "fire the great timber of the steeple." The items also include payments for charcoal, and an ox-hide to make a pair of bellows. All this Mr. Kite considers to relate to the part of the Church occupied by the nuns so that the present Church is only a part of the original building. Sir Edmund Antrobus (grandfather of the present owner) allowed Mr. Kite to make an excavation in 1860 near the present house to the north. He discovered foundations, but cannot say what they are, also the Holy Water Stoup and stone Pestal and Mortar as well as tiles of various beautiful designs. A great many of these objects are in our possession, but not as many as Mr. Kite mentions. We only discovered last year, in a deed-box, along with many interesting old deeds and beautiful specimens of writing, the Grant from Edward II. to the nuns and priests to hold a market and fair at Amesbury on Saturdays. Mr. St. John Hope recently made an excavation and discovered many foundations but found nothing to indicate clearly the site of the Conventual Church. He does not admit the present church to be that of the Convent although "within the Precinct." We hope that at some not remote period will be made, under Mr. St. John Hope's guidance, an extensive excavation which will set this question at rest, also perhaps bring to light tombs and other discoveries. Mr. Hope found in the Pipe Rolls, *i.e.*, the record of the debts and expenses due to the King which were conveyed "as water through a pipe."

Items connected with the re-foundation of Amesbury Abbey by King Henry II.

1178-9. For the works of the church and houses (*i.e.*, monastic buildings) of Ambresbury, £107 18s. 2d. For the works of the church of Ambresbury 100 marks = £66 13s. 4d., also 100 marks to Richard of Wilton the archdeacon and Geoffry of Pourton for the work of the church of Ambresbury.

1181-2. £50 for 110 loads of lead for the church, £38 5s., etc.

The sums do not seem large, but they actually were considerable, and if multiplied by twenty-five or thirty will approximately give their value as compared with our present money.

FLORENCE CAROLINE MATHILDE ANTROBUS.

[The sources of information used for this article are Webb's "Ston-heng Restored," Baring Gould's "Book of Brittany," and Mr. Kite's article in "Wiltshire Notes and Queries."

MOREAU LE JEUNE

II

THE first of the more considerable pieces by Moreau which every collector should possess is the "Crowning of the Bust of Voltaire at the Théâtre Français," a subject small in size and yet crammed full of figures, life and movement, every actor and spectator possessing a distinct individuality. For the Court Moreau designed many pieces of the highest historical interest. Among these the design of the illuminations on the marriage of the Dauphin and that of the supper given to Louis XV. at Louveciennes by Madame du Barry, are the most famous, but there also exist many minor plates of episodes and incidents, handled with much delicacy, which seem to convey the inner secrets of the most refined and sumptuous of Courts in a story that needs no words for the telling.

Moreau's Academy work was the famous "Sacre de Louis XVI.," both designed and engraved by his hand, a print of such majesty of composition and yet comprising such an infinity of detail that both praise and criticism are equally disarmed. It is the apotheosis both of the Monarchy and of the engraver. In point of size it is probably Moreau's largest plate and it is but rarely found not folded. In it the artist has given us a perfect rendering of the superb architecture of the Rheims Cathedral, and if no figures existed in the composition it would stand out as a work of repute. But the whole scene of the Sacre, at the most solemn moment, is given in elaborate detail: the entire floor and all the galleries are crowded with priests, prelates, grandees, courtiers, soldiers, and great ladies, and every single figure of the several hundred represented seems to possess his or her separate identity and to be a portrait from the life. It is a print one can admire by the hour together, and still find in it fresh evidence of Moreau's supremacy in his art.

Better known perhaps, but of far less importance, are the "Festin Royal" and the "Bal Masqué," the latter being the best of the two and representing the scene where Louis XVI. and his famous consort enter the Court of the Hotel de Ville, protected by their guards from the surrounding mob of mummeters. More important than these is the arrival of the Queen at the Hotel de Ville, and that phenomenal print, the "Feu d'artifice," representing the crowd in the Place de Grève at the moment when a rocket bursts and illuminates the heads of the surging throngs: Moreau prepared the *eaux-fortes* for all these pieces, but they are now very hard to discover in the earliest state.

With the exception of the "Couché" and "Philosophie" nearly all the best of Moreau's work may be called portfolio prints: very delicate, very refined, and exquisitely finished, they are mostly out of place when hung on walls, and are useless for decorative purposes. To this general rule there is, however, one remarkable exception, namely, the series of twenty-four plates, generally but inaccurately termed the "Monument de Costume," forming, with two prints already named, the pieces most eagerly sought for by collectors of the present day. The series was in continuation of the "Suite d'Estampes" after Freudeberg, a set of twelve plates which depicted the life of a young lady of society up to the time of her marriage. There appears to be little doubt that the general scheme of this work was inspired by Eberts, the Swiss banker, a friend and protector of Freudeberg, who was of the same nationality. Why Freudeberg did not continue the work is not known, but the fact cannot be regretted since his work is very much inferior to that of Moreau. In the "Seconde Suite" Moreau delineates the life of a young married lady, and in the third that of one of the young bloods of the court. The three form a more or less connected story, and it is therefore advisable to consider them as one work.

The Freudeberg series, unlike the rest, have decorative borders, and the rarest edition of the complete work is that with the address, à Paris, Imprimerie de Barbou 1774, but is more generally found with de Prault's address and date 1775. With all three series is the text, attributed to Rétif de la Bretonne, but evidently constructed *après coup* and possessing little or no literary or other merit. The Freudeberg plates are occasionally found in the etched state, before letters and with or without the engraved borders: the next and best state is with the letters and the *tablette* white; then with the letters and the *tablette* shaded, and lastly with the letters, the *tablette* shaded, the text, and the number, the address being à Paris, chez Buldet, Rue de Gestres.

The second series, after Moreau, is entitled "Seconde suite d'Estampes pour servir à l'histoire des mœurs et du costume en France dans le dix-huitième siècle," and dated 1776, the address being, à Paris, de l'impr. de Prault, avec approbation et Privilège du Roi. A few of these plates have the date 1777. The third series is slightly larger in size than the others and was published by de Prault in 1783, also with the "Privilège." Occasionally collectors add to these three series two other plates after Freudeberg, "L'heureuse union" and "Les mœurs du temps," making thirty-eight prints in all. De Prault's edition has the text engraved and the prints have the "Privilège" (A.P.D.R.) and are highly esteemed: the text of the third series is extremely rare.

When these volumes come under the hammer there is always a fierce battle between book-lovers and print-collectors, and the price mounts up to a high figure. I should advise print collectors to refrain from competition on such occasions and to be content to pick up the prints one by one at the printsellers or at sales, choosing only the finest impressions. All the plates after Moreau exist in several states, but the latter are not identical for each print, so the following must only be taken as a general guide. There is first the pure *eau forte* before all letters, next and best of all the finished proofs with names of artist and engraver, but no other letters: thirdly, those with artists' names, title, number, the A.P.D.R. and no date, forming the plates of the de Prault edition; fourthly, with title, artists' names, no date, and no number. This last state is found in the edition of the second and third series published at Neuwied-sur-le-Rhin chez la société typographique, 1789. A later edition again was published chez J. B. Treuttel à Strasbourg, 1791, but the prints have little value. Many reproductions exist on a reduced scale, and have been published from time to time in France, Germany, and Holland: none of these are worth buying, though we generally find them in our friends' houses when we find Moreau at all. There are besides an infinity of reprints and process plates, some of which are executed with considerable skill.

These prints tell their own story, and only a very unimaginative person will require the stimulus of Rétif le Bretonne's text. Add to these series the *fête* pieces and the *sacre* and we have in a small space the whole history of the *ancien régime*, the explanation of its splendours, and the secret causes of the cataclysm that was about to overtake it. Clever, artistic, refined, sumptuous, though the life of the French capital was, one seems to see in the background the spectre of the raging mob of *sansculottes*, the Bastille, and the guillotine. All this quintessence of refinement was, in truth, little more than a veneer, and beneath it all, restrained by many a crime, was a people deeply conscious of its wrongs, and becoming daily conscious of its strength.

But there it all is, faithfully transcribed by the great artist and his fellow workers, almost countless plates which need no words and seem to take us right into the inmost soul of the period and to make it live for us again. Moreau was no second-hand retailer of gossip: every figure, every carpet, every piece of furniture or tapestry, was drawn from the life. He imagined nothing, but his art knew how to conceal art, and to give artistic expres-

sion to realities. Draughtsman, engraver, transmitter of great historic scenes and pageants, designer of delicate *fleurons*, title-pages, frontispieces, headings, *ex libris*, vignettes, *culs de lampe*, concert tickets, illustrator of all the literary talent of the age, Moreau was an almost universal genius in his art; there was nothing too great for his talent and nothing too small.

Fortunately his daughter, afterwards Madame Carle Vernet, made a collection of her father's work, bound them in five great volumes, and prefaced them with a touching *mémoire* of the artist. The books were intended for the Czar Alexander, whose cypher is still on the binding, but these treasures are now in the National Library at Paris, where alone can the whole work of the master be studied to perfection. The British Museum has a portfolio of his prints, naturally far inferior in value, but well worthy of inspection, as it is sufficiently representative and contains a good number of the prints referred to in this paper.

C. A COURT REPINGTON.

SANCHO PANZA AT GENEVA

THERE is a true story of a curate. He served a church in Northampton, and was talking to a smart young bootmaker, who was also a Wesleyan. The bootmaker allowed that Peter and Paul were gifted men, but he would not admit that they were, in any respect, to be classed with the great Wesley. "Look at our numbers," he said, "Peter and Paul between them didn't make so many converts, I know." Then in answer to some question of the curate's: "Oh, the Ordinance, you mean? Yes, I don't trouble much about that. I daresay it was all very well for a lot of ignorant fishermen; I'm a foreman in a boot factory myself."

It should be mentioned that "the Ordinance" in Dissenting phraseology signifies the Holy Eucharist, commonly called the Mass; and this being understood it is interesting to read an eighteenth-century hymn on the Eucharist, from which the following verses may be quoted:

Victim Divine, thy grace we claim
While thus thy precious Death we show;
Once offered up, a spotless Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didst for all mankind atone,
And standest now before the throne.

We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-sought Saviour down;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown;
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real Presence here.

The hymn was written by Charles Wesley, and reflects, faithfully enough, the Eucharistic teaching of John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Society. In the same connection it is curious to note the prophecy of John Wesley that when the Methodists left the Church of England, God would leave them.

On the face of it, then, it seems odd that the late Thomas Champness, who was evidently a most amiable and excellent man according to his dim lights, should have called himself a "Methodist" and a "Wesleyan." It would be quite singular if "Dr." Clifford and Mr. Campbell were to describe themselves as "Laudian Divines" or "Cavalier Clergy"; but the gulf between the teaching of Laud and "Dr." Clifford is certainly no greater than the gulf between the teaching of the Wesleys and the teaching of modern "Wesleyans." However, this is a point of more or less domestic interest; and if it pleases a sect of nebulous pietists to label themselves with the name of a High Churchman of the eighteenth century, perhaps no great harm is done, it being clearly understood that the "Methodist" of to-day

has long departed from the method of the Wesleys. One is informed by one's lady friends that nobody is taken in by such terms as "sateen" and "flannelette."

There is little to be said about this "Life-Story" ("The Life Story of Thomas Champness," Charles H. Kelly). Thomas Champness, as has been noted, was a good man according to his lights; he was "converted," became a local preacher, was a missionary in Africa, returned, went on circuit, founded a mission called Joyful News, went to prison as a Passive Resister, died and was buried in the congenial soil of Lutterworth, under the shadow of the Wycliffe Memorial. Here are the notes of an early sermon by him:

I. Joash, a promising young man, 2 Chron. xxiv.

- (1) His attention to the advice of his servants.
- (2) His zeal for the house of God.

II. His fall.

- (1) Began to keep bad company, 17.
- (2) Neglected the house of God, 18.
- (3) Hardened himself against reproof, 19.
- (4) Became ungrateful, 20-22.
- (5) Punishment, 24.

III. Lessons to be learned from him.

- (1) That early promise is often blighted (guilt and innocence).
- (2) That we should pay attention to the advice of those who are older than we.
- (3) Shun bad company.
- (4) Never neglect the house of God.

To accomplish this get our hearts changed.

It is all about as inspiring a message as the advice of Polonius to Laertes, and has about as much to do with real Christianity. It does not *quite* say, "If you would be respectable and successful in life, it is absolutely necessary to be religious," but it comes very near to proclaiming that great evangel. One remembers the old-fashioned geography-books which pointed out that any traveller could distinguish between a Protestant country and a Papist country, because Protestant lands were always rich and comfortable. Protestants live on roast beef, and plenty of it; Papists on potatoes, frogs, and macaroni. Protestants are always warmly housed, whereas Papists are often almost as badly off as the foxes and the birds of the air, which have only holes and nests. It is all very quaint, but its chief curiosity lies in the fact that this squalid worship of prosperity, comfort, and worldly success, is taught by people who dare to claim the sanction of the New Testament for their system; who have, indeed, the grotesque and sublime impertinence to declare themselves "Scriptural" Christians *par excellence*. The falsity and the impudence of this claim are not matters for elaborate argument; we know the company that Christ loved to keep, the wastrels, the Bohemians, tavern-haunters, harlots, of the Jewish Society—everybody and anybody who might be free from the deadly taint of respectability. We know, too, the precepts as to considering the lilies and taking no thought for the morrow, the absolute prohibition of all that savoured of worldly prudence, the all but hopeless condemnation of the well-to-do and successful. A humourist once told the tale of an old gentleman called Primrose, whose name became an obsession to him, till at last he fancied he resembled the flower in question and took to sitting about the hedgerows (as he fancied) "in clumps." This is a comic picture enough; but it is not so comic as the idea of a dissenting shopkeeper taking the lilies as his guide through life. But how extraordinary the position of these people is. Suppose that after the end of a great career Sancho Panza had suddenly proclaimed that *he* was in reality Don Quixote; and that the true principles of knight errantry consisted in keeping a whole skin and bones unbroken, in sleeping under snug shelter, in eating two enormous meals a day, in having a very comfortable sum put by in a capacious wallet, and above all, in cherishing an utter disbelief in and contempt for all enchantments, magic balsams, faëry barks, thaumaturgic sages, and the whole universe of mystery and

wonder. It is an extravagant notion, but it is no bad analogy of what has happened in the field of religion. Of course we should not have been in the least astonished if Sancho had stoutly maintained that his master was mad and that knight-errantry was nonsense; but it is a little too much when *he* pretends to be the original adorer of Dulcinea. And yet for three centuries Sancho has been bellowing that he, and he alone, is the true mirror of chivalry, that he alone is the faithful and exact follower and disciple of Amadis and King Arthur. And many people believe him, though his fat belly and greasy chops are only too manifest; but then many people believe that the Puritans of the sixteenth century, who made the recitation of the Book of Common Prayer a penal offence, with slavery as its sanction, were apostles of tolerance, and many people believe that Oliver Cromwell, who abolished the House of Commons and governed England by martial law, was the founder of our popular liberties. The upholders of the old factory system (child slavery in the most ghastly form) were all "Liberals"; and one thinks of an ancient prophet who foresaw a day when the Churl should no longer be called Liberal. *Jam noli tardare*, we cry, looking for the coming of that day; for then, no doubt, King Arthur will come forth from Avalon and the Good Knight will ride in his train, and Sancho's horrible masquerade will be ended for ever.

For, of course, the real truth is that Protestantism is a revolt against Christianity. This proposition, which is self-evident, would once have seemed highly absurd to the "many people" whose sapience and perspicacity we have just considered; but within the last few years, especially within the last year, even the typical block-head called "the man in the street," has begun to see that there is "something in it." Of course the signs have never been wanting to those who cared to look; it was Luther who, finding that St. James the Apostle was decidedly not a Lutheran, pronounced his Epistle to be "of straw." Servetus and Socinus, too, were early products of the Protestant Reformation, and there were tendencies among the "Reformed" in France which were not exactly evangelical. Later, one notes that the Presbyterian congregations planted in England in the seventeenth century lapsed wholesale into Unitarianism, while in New England Calvinism went the same way, till it deliquesced into the vague spirit of Emerson. It has long been notorious that the Protestantism of the Continent of Europe generally is either negligible, or else "Liberal," which is a polite way of saying Non-Christian. The signs were many; but it is only within the last few months that Ichabod has been inscribed on the portal of the City Temple, while an acute journalist has discovered that the "New Theology" is the Reformation come home to roost. It will soon become absolutely clear that Protestantism is the negation of the vital principles, of the whole character of Christianity—that is to say, the negation of beauty, wonder, mystery, imagination, the negation of all that raises man above the level of the brutes, the abjuration of high heaven itself. It is not a recurrence to Paganism, but to something infinitely worse than Paganism in its lowest form—for Paganism had mysteries—it is a recurrence to the Pre-Adamite world, to the state of the beast-man before it had received the quickening.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

CHARACTER IN DIALOGUE

AMONG the most illusive arts, possessed only by very few even of the people who have captured the illusive art of writing a good acting play, is the art of revealing character through dialogue. At first sight it may seem that if a dramatist fails to make his puppets reveal their nature by what they say he fails altogether. But this is not so. In most plays the dialogue is appropriate to the plot and situation, but the words spoken by the persons themselves are not revelations of self. Nearly all dramatists allow

the circumstances, the situations, the gestures and the attitudes to reveal the characters of the persons concerned. They also allow one person to explain the psychology of another. Rarely do they write lines for a character which is a self-revelation. That self-revealing line is the greatest success for the writer of dialogue. It is quite possible, of course, to write an excellent drama without a single such line. The dialogue in such (and most) plays helps on the action, tells the story, is appropriate to the person speaking it in the circumstances in which the author has placed him or her. The sailor who loves a lass delivers perhaps a soul-stirring speech about his love, thereby revealing the situation and interesting us in it, but the speech tells us nothing about himself. The heroine makes a remark about fidelity which hints to us that she is going to be faithful when the proper time comes, but nothing that she says reveals her soul to us. That has been revealed to us by what other people have said, or by the way in which she acts under given circumstances. Out of her own mouth we cannot judge her.

It is the power of being able to lay bare a personality by a line which marks the supreme playwright, gives a play a peculiarly satisfactory flavour, and atones for, or supersedes, defects of construction or clumsiness and even staleness of plot.

In the novel dialogue is delightful, but the novelist can tell his tale without it. He has so many other ways of baring his characters to the reader. Mr. Henry James could get his exquisite effects if his people spoke never a word that we could hear, he can create a perfectly satisfactory character in a book by talking the whole time himself and yet never allowing his own personality to intrude. Certainly the best of that superb master of fiction, Thomas Hardy, is not expressed in dialogue. On the other hand Mr. George Meredith *does* use his gift of being able to reveal his characters by the words he puts into their mouths. To read their conversations is to know them, not only in relation to the actual business they have in hand at the moment, but also to know their very nature, how and with whom they were brought up, what their ancestors were like and what sort of a show they will make on their deathbed. Other masters of dialogue in this sense though in a different *milieu* are Mr. Pett Ridge and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. But happily this gift, as we have said, is by no means necessary to the making of a good novel. Equally good effects can be obtained by other means.

But it is a curious thing that when the power of revealing character by dialogue is of so much greater importance in writing plays than in writing novels, so few of our writers for the stage possess it.

In the most perfect master of stage technique whom we have, Mr. Pinero, that power is most conspicuously missing. All his characters talk alike, allowing for differences of sex, age, and circumstance. His valets differ in nothing from their masters save that they aspire their "h" with particular care, and use if anything longer words. True, in earlier days and in lighter pieces, he did manage to give us a self-revealing line now and again. But in his serious pieces which show that the dramatist has racked a wonderful brain in order to construct an artificial problem, we search in vain for any such line. Even that line in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* which was quoted as being an instance of this dialogue for which I am asking was really an instance of what it is not. "I like fruit when it's expensive." That is a remark which revealed what Mr. Pinero and the other persons on the stage were very justly realising about Paula Tanqueray. She herself would have been either too self-conscious, or not self-conscious enough, to have said it.

Take again the plays of that interesting and sincere dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, plays whose grip and sterling worth prove that the quality of which I am writing is not essential to play-writing, but only an added charm and the high-water mark of the playwright.

In his plays there is no line which reveals personality by the words themselves apart from the circumstances in which they are spoken. Nor do even Mr. Bernard Shaw's puppets, though they generally say the right, the human, though not the expected, thing, reveal themselves by their words, but rather by their actions, if we except the soldier in *Arms and the Man*, and even he speaks more for others than for himself. There is enough evidence to make us think that Mr. Shaw could write this dialogue if he would, but he is too interested in himself and the universe to allow his characters to let us into the secret of their personality by their conversation. We care far more for what they say than for them.

The dramatist who had the power of writing this dialogue in a supreme degree, just as he was also an absolute master of stagecraft, quite apart from his value as a thinker and philosopher, was Ibsen. That perfect dramatist wrote few lines, if we except those structural and "carrying" lines necessary to every play, which were not a revelation of the person speaking. We know his characters not by what they do and what happens to them, but by what they say. Take away all the surroundings and leave one chosen remark and we shall know what manner of man the speaker is. John Gabriel Borkmann, Solness, Nora, for instance, reveal themselves every time they open their mouths. It is because Ibsen's people are sometimes more real than his plays, or so real that the plot seems inadequate to such real people, that many find the plays unsatisfactory. They see the man so clearly that when he just tumbles off a tower and kills himself, or wants to tell the townspeople that the drains are wrong, it seems trivial. Such people find the plays positively overweighted by the characters who play them. After all, they think, "The play's the thing," not the people who work it out. And true it is, perhaps, that Ibsen has shifted the balance of modern drama. The chief interest is the persons of the play, the action is only a comment on them. That is somewhat distressing to people who demand that a story should be enthralling rather than that the persons in it shall be real and interesting, and even also to people who think that a view of life is more important than the persons who hold that view. But these last remarks are perhaps rather off my point here, which is that Ibsen wrote dialogue by which the speakers of it revealed themselves.

Another dramatist who could write this dialogue was Oscar Wilde. Often he expressed himself through his characters, he often allowed them to steal an epigram from him with which they had no business. But sometimes he makes them reveal themselves, and then how good he is. Take that line in *The Woman of no Importance* when Mrs. Allonby tells Lady Hunstanton that she is going to look at the stars.

"You will find a great many, dear, a great many!" says the old lady. That is a perfect specimen of dialogue. It helps on the action by getting Mrs. Allonby off with a laugh, but it does far more than that. It reveals Lady Hunstanton from her birth and up-bringing to the day when she will make a properly pious end. We see the vagueness, the good nature, the tolerantly superior attitude of the great lady whose life has been unruffled. From that one remark an artist or an essayist could picture her in colour or in words.

Another good example, in a modern play, of characterisation in dialogue is Mr. Hankin's line in *The Return of the Prodigal* when the son remarks to his mother that Lady Somebody is clever.

"Is she, dear? I didn't notice anything."

That is another complete picture. How well I know that old lady, how well I could describe her, and how much I like her. And if she reads this article I am sure she will find it clever.

REGINALD TURNER.

FICTION

Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

"WRITERS who fill one with glad courage and make one proud of the path one has chosen to walk in." We think this, her description of Walt Whitman, is a good description of "Elizabeth." At any rate it is a true account of her influence on some readers, people who are attracted by her philosophy of life or entertained by her expression of it. Her philosophy is old and simple and quite easy to follow if we have the temperament, if for instance we are bored by a *Kaffee Klatsch* and sent into an ecstasy by a patch of flowering beans. Elizabeth is radiantly sure that her way is the right one, and consistently deaf to the whispers of the world and the devil. Most of us compromise. We know that it is happiest to be in the clouds with Jove, but we feel the drag of the world too. The world, in that sense, the world of vulgar judgment and coarse ambition, is never with Elizabeth. It would not be with her if she lived in a hut and ate lentils or in a palace and entertained the mighty, for there is no lot mean or high but thinking makes it so. In her last book Elizabeth was a princess, in this one she is the child of a poor German scholar, living in a small German town, jilted soon after we know her by her English lover, hedged in by all the sordid realities and limitations of such surroundings. But she has the wit to find comedy in her external circumstances and the courage to keep her soul alive through poverty, sickness and sorrow. Her life is splendid, as she says it shall be, although everything the world can give is withheld. Health, beauty, peace, a keen sense of humour and a merry heart carry her all the way. We confess that we should like to know what Jena says to her pictures of society there, and whether it appeases the town to hear that, dull as its parties are, the Berlin ones are no better. Elizabeth has no sympathy with the poor small souls that have been dwarfed by the stupidities of life and find their happiness in coffee parties. To tell the truth she is rather unkind to them. She is unkind to Goethe too, and to Christina Rossetti. But that does not matter so much. It is the *Hausfrau* of Jena who will feel a little hurt by this picture of her. She must console herself with the picture of the English Joey, who is delightful. The story of his betrothal makes as much fun of him as of his German friends, for Elizabeth is always fair and shows you the absurd side of both nations. Inasmuch as she laughs at us, we can forgive her because we can always laugh with her and because she fills us with glad courage and makes us proud of the path we have chosen to walk in.

Keddy: A Story of Oxford. By H. N. DICKINSON. (Heinemann, 6s.)

NOVELS of Oxford Life are many, and although we cannot say that "Keddy" is remarkable enough to secure a supreme place among them, we can at least welcome it as a book which not only gives great promise but as one which has, in a large measure, achieved success. It is now a widely accepted theory that we have—and the reviewer least of all—little or nothing to do with the morals of other people—except in so far as they interfere with us personally. But in manners we still have our say! In morals a man must be a law unto himself, but in manners he must abide by the laws of his class. Keddy will lose his hold on the sympathy of many readers on p. 60, when his partisanship of a bounder and his desertion of his own set will strike some readers as impossible. It struck us as so at the first glance, but a moment's reflection showed us that Keddy was merely lacking in a fine appreciation of the art of conduct—in so many words was not a fine artist in living—and so was no more to be regarded as impossible—at least in the dictionary sense

of the word—than those people who cheerfully furnish their rooms with cheap bamboo and painted tambourines! But we do still remain sceptical about the subsequent attitude of his "set" towards him. Dire indeed seem the results—in recent fiction at least—of boys not being sent to school. But as reviewers have no business outside certain boundaries, we return to "Keddy" as literature, admitting that all artists are free to choose the subject it pleases them to. Mr. Dickinson certainly is an artist, and we think that the only artistic mistake he made was in trying to gain the reader's sympathy by the charm of a personality who was in reality lacking in one of the greatest essentials of charm. The characters are as a whole really carefully studied. Those of Keddy and Bobby are treated elaborately, and that of the last is especially consistent all through. The story is told with freshness. Indeed there is a fresh feeling in the book altogether, which would lead one to suppose it to be work by a quite young writer. If this is the case we can prophesy a success for him as a writer of fiction, as he has certainly started in the right direction, and what is more, started well equipped with the essentials of fine novel-writing. We shall look forward with interest to Mr. Dickinson's next book.

The Daft Days. By NEIL MUNRO. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS is the story of a girl of ten who has been brought up in theatrical circles in Chicago and is sent over to live with her uncle and aunts in a quiet Scottish village. Modern children have been very frequent in recent fiction, but were they all as humorous and original as is Miss Bud Dyce, we would regard their coming with pleasure rather than fear. If the reader can conceive a judicious blend of Pet Marjorie and Sentimental Tommy Sandys, possessing the charm and humour of the former and the artistic insight of the latter, and speaking a most delicious dialect compounded of broad Scotch and American slang, he will have some idea of the nature of this adorable little lady. The other characters in the book suffer rather from their proximity to Miss Dyce and appear a little thin, though the maid Kate Macneill, whose love-affairs Bud makes to prosper, is a good specimen of her class. We cannot readily forgive Mr. Munro for permitting the child to have the inevitable attack of pneumonia in chapter thirteen, and his descriptive style when elated is like that of Dickens at his worst. But, after all, Bud is the thing, and Bud, if we may use an expression that might have come from her lips, is a peach with a stone in it.

Colonel Daveron. By PERCY WHITE. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THIS is rather a disappointing novel. One is led by the careful study of the schoolboy Tony to expect a more interesting development. The man in the title rôle—Tony's uncle—is a study in selfishness, but compared to his nephew, "the Blighter," and even Mrs. Daveron, he seems a little shadowy. The construction, too, is weak, and the whole book appears a little aimless and desultory. Still some of the character-drawing is good, that of Tony Derrick as a boy, being a really interesting study, and also that of "the Blighter" (so named by the boys), a young master at the school where poor little Tony learnt such hard lessons. "The Blighter" befriended the boy in a simple and unostentatious manner when Colonel Daveron tried to get out of as many duties to his nephew as possible. It was "the Blighter," too, who brought about a meeting between Tony and his future aunt—a meeting which proved to be a turning-point in the boy's life. The characters strike one as new enough to be portraits. Tony, his aunt, and "the Blighter" are all people one would like to meet, especially "the Blighter," who is really a good sort. These people all behave in a natural manner, but the book is, as we have already said, a little thin and unsatisfactory.

MUSIC

THE RICHTER CELEBRATION

THE concert that has been given this week at Queen's Hall in celebration of Richter's association with music in England for the last thirty years has a significance wider than that of a compliment to a great artist. It commemorates an aspect of modern music that, in retrospect, will probably prove more distinctive than any other—the evolution of the orchestra into the most perfect medium that we have for the expression of musical idea.

It is a commonplace of musical history that fuller self-expression on the part of the composer has gone on *pari passu* with increasing mastery of technique by the executant and greater responsiveness in his instrument. Beethoven's pianoforte sonatas are, incidentally, an epitome of the contemporaneous development of the pianoforte and the passing of its predecessor the harpsichord. In the long holding-notes for the wood-wind and brass in the symphonies of Mozart, we can discern, without external evidence, that the technique of the players responsible for their performance was extremely limited; and the discovery of the amiable Burney, in his "Tour," that they were frequently out of tune, does not surprise us much. When Beethoven took to passage writing for these hitherto static forces, collisions at rehearsal were the rule rather than the exception: in one pathetic instance he even called his deafness to aid him, begging a friend to conduct *Fidelio* while he sat at a distance to escape the blunders that would have tortured him at close quarters. From such conditions to the assured brilliancy of present-day orchestral technique is a long distance; and although conductors before Richter have an honourable share in the record—*vixere fortes ante Agamemnon*—it was reserved for him to consummate the process of development by organising the orchestra into a unity reflecting the conception of the composer through the individuality of its head.

Within living memory, orchestral direction in London was a quaintly haphazard affair: its duties were divided between the principal first violin and a personage who sat at a piano with a score and rallied his colleagues, when matters were becoming desperate, with a few chords. The delicious remark attributed to Sir George Smart, "Look out, gentlemen! the semiquavers are coming!" helps us to realise the chaos amid which the "conductor" of the hour kept the far from noiseless tenor of his way. From that to the admirable discipline of Costa was a considerable advance; and at the same time the standard of playing was rising. Berlioz, Liszt, and Von Bülow were showing of what fineness of effect well-trained orchestras were capable; even Habeneck, who conducted from a violin part, drew a handsome eulogy from Wagner in "Über das Dirigieren." That famous pamphlet, issued in 1869, may be regarded as marking the beginning of the new period. The real production, as distinguished from mere reproduction, that Wagner saw in Liszt's pianoforte playing of Beethoven, he pleaded for in the orchestra with all the passion of his vehement polemic. To cry for real production is, of course, to cry for genius; and genius has no pupils. For the technique of time-beating, it can be taught readily enough—"tis as easy as lying"; but so to play on the modern orchestra as to express what the composer has said (or, sometimes, what he has meant to say), is a not less formidable task than to seek the mastery of a solo instrument. And the importance of Richter, the embodiment of the spirit of "Über das Dirigieren," is chiefly that he has set, once for all, a standard that places the conductor on a level with the soloist in any other manifestation of the art of music.

An "acting edition" of every score is, for the modern conductor, a primary necessity. Very few are the pages so marked by the composer that they "play themselves"; and the older classics doubly need careful editing on account of the differences in balance between the orchestra

of their day and ours. Unlike some of the younger conductors of distinction, Richter has never yielded to the temptation to improve upon the classics. It is easily possible, by intensifying an inner part here, and adding an instrument there, to bring out of a passage a significance quite other than that intended by the master; and where, as in the case of Schumann, the scoring is provokingly ineffective, it is very difficult to choose the golden mean. With Richter the retouching has always justified itself: it has never been "hervortretend," never been reminiscent of the limelight or the lecture-room. While other men—influenced, not improbably, by the example of Von Bülow—have often so manipulated *nuance* as to transform familiar scores into fantasias on their own personality, he has always been concerned with the just evaluation of the score itself. He has never allowed the virtuoso in him to depose the artist—although when, as the Liszt Rhapsody in F, virtuosity has been called for, its splendour has been amazing.

To say this is to attribute to him the specific combination of interpretative qualities often summed up as "classic." Whatever that much abused term may connote it may not, in this particular instance, be suffered to convey any suspicion of coldness. Nothing, perhaps, in the history of executive music is more remarkable than his peculiar union of massive breadth with an *élan*, a sheer force of impulse, that the most dashing of his contemporaries seldom attains. It were capricious to demand that he should be equally *intime* in his interpretation of every important score; the circumstance that musicians of experience, with one accord, go to him for Bach, for Beethoven, for Wagner, for Brahms, may suffice as the basis of any detailed discussion of his readings. Other conductors there have been with wonderful memories, other great orchestral drill sergeants, other masters of finesse; but it will be the crowning distinction of Richter, when, long hence, it may be hoped, the record of his work shall be finally made, that he found the orchestra an indifferent virtuoso and made of it a great artist.

HOWARD BAYLES.

DRAMA

"MAITRE DES ILLUSIONS DE LA VIE"

MESSRS. VEDRENNE and Barker have done another service to their audience in producing Mr. Bernard Shaw's amazing scene "Don Juan in Hell." *Man and Superman*, the play which contains it; is already on their evening bill, but it is too long to be given entire. We can now judge of the whole, by witnessing it completed on the following day. This is the best arrangement under the circumstances. The whole play at one sitting would tax too much even the audience of the Court Theatre. Without claiming for this audience greater intelligence than that of other theatres, it is at least especially interested in the newer and untried developments of the stage, and especially *amateur*, of the Intellectual Drama. There is an atmosphere of extreme temerity about Mr. Bernard Shaw. It renders him and his work all the more fascinating. He has set himself to intellectualise to an extent never attempted before, the art which above all others appeals to primitive instincts. He is himself the most purely intellectual dramatist now living, but the art in which he expresses himself is the least suited to intellectual expression. It is above all others the art of illusion and convention. Mr. Shaw's mind abhors convention to the extent of preferring the appearance of self-contradiction to any pandering to it. His book "Man and Superman" is the essence of his philosophy, and the scene "Don Juan in Hell" is its quintessence. The dramatic critic who attempts to deal with it comprehensively, he who tries conclusions of any kind with Mr. Shaw, is exceedingly rash. The subject is too encyclopædic, Mr.

Shaw has already seized all the ordinary weapons and used them against himself with the most charming candour. This is part of his method of denuding himself of all convention. At each thrust he slips on a new unconventionality and escapes like Proteus. His critics have too often used against him the weapons of stupidity. These return on their own heads like a boomerang unskilfully thrown; besides they are not admissible among amateurs of the Court Theatre. I am a coward confest before Mr. Shaw, let him expound himself.

At the instance of the management, he has offered to the Court audience the assistance of analytical programme of the scene "Don Juan in Hell." The scene represents the state of the Soul localised as Hell. By the Soul must be understood the divine element common to all life which causes us to do the will of God in addition to looking after our individual interests and to honour one another solely for our divine activities. This world or any other may be made a hell by a society so lacking in the higher orders of energy that it is given wholly to the "pursuit of individual pleasure, and cannot even conceive the passion of the divine will." Conversely "any world can be made a heaven by a society of persons in whom that passion is the master passion." On this conception of Heaven and Hell the author has grafted the legend of Don Juan, fantastically. Its characters are those of the whole play *Man and Superman* essentialised, Tanner to Don Juan, Ann Whitfield to Dona Ana, Roebuck Ramsden to the Commander, Mendoza to the Devil. The author postulates that the Commander was a simple-minded officer and gentleman who cared for nothing but fashionable amusement, and he is, consequently, unable to share the divine ecstasy, and is bored to distraction in heaven. He postulates that Don Juan was consumed with a passion for divine contemplation and creative activity, that earthly love had failed to interest him permanently; he consequently suffers among the pleasures of hell an agony of tedium. The Devil is the exponent of the advantages of hell; he is equally anxious to welcome the Commander and to be rid of Don Juan, between whom and himself the antipathy is fundamental. As the final result of an exhaustive discussion between them Don Juan departs for heaven, and the Devil and the Commander are conveyed in state by the old trap to the palace of pleasure. Dona Ana has recently arrived from earth.

She is no theologian, and believes the popular legends as to heaven and hell. She is extremely bewildered. Being a woman, she is incapable both of the devil's utter damnation and of Don Juan's complete supersensuality. As the mother of many children she has shared in the divine travail, and with care and labour and suffering renewed the harvest of eternal life; but the honour and divinity of her work have been jealously hidden from her by Man, who, dreading her domination, has offered her for reward only the satisfaction of her senses and affections. She cannot, like the male devil, use love as mere sentiment and pleasure; nor can she, like the male saint, put love aside when it has done its work as a developing and enlightening experience. Love is neither her pleasure nor her study: it is her business. So she, in the end, neither goes with Don Juan to heaven nor with the devil and her father to the palace of pleasure, but declares that her work is not yet finished. For though by her death she is done with the bearing of men to mortal fathers, she may yet, as Woman Immortal, bear the Superman to the Eternal Father.

I quote the passage concerning Dona Ana nearly *in extenso* because it deals with two special difficulties. Why does Dona Ana go to hell at all? I confess I cannot follow the author. Secondly, what does he mean by the Superman? Mr. Shaw seems to me to travel on various planes of expression, which sometimes dissolve their boundaries and melt into one another. When the planes are quite distinct I find ideas constantly recurring in Correspondence, as Swedenborg might have said. Throughout, I find the idea of the Superman. On the plane of the whole play *Man and Superman*, it has been interpreted not unnaturally to be Women. On the plane of *The Man of Destiny* I see it more faintly as Woman again, "The Strange Lady." On the essential plane of "Don Juan in Hell," Mr. Shaw explains it above. On another plane in the

same scene it appears as Don Juan, the man who is master of the realities of Life. In this sense I have applied to Mr. Shaw, on the plane of his works, the words of Balzac concerning his own Don Juan; for he who is master of the illusions of life, is master also of its realities. It is for this that Mr. Shaw has essayed to cast all literature, all life, into his crucible.

Mr. Shaw is self-sufficient; he is driven to co-operation only by his medium of expression. He has found the only artist capable of interpreting him in the *mise en scène*, an artist in the plastic modes of Art as encyclopædic as himself, and in a sense as protæan. There is scarcely a genus of Art in which this artist's immense ability has not already proved itself formative. No name is printed on the programmes, but the *aside* has passed out of date, and it is impossible to conceal his identity. The admirable scheme of colour, the tone of the statue, the exquisite Spanish dress of the heroine (improved on Velasquez), the modelling on the Commandant's helmet, the invention in the diaper of golden hearts on the devil's scarlet cloak, the wealth of exquisite design on every article of dress which can bear it, write Mr. Charles Ricketts's name as large upon the piece as that of the author himself. Here is another addition to the attractions of the Court on which to congratulate Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker.

One word on the casting of the piece: it is all that an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Shaw could desire. The memory of Mr. Robert Loraine and Mr. Norman McKinnel is amazing; they deliver speeches of which the length is admittedly excessive with scarcely a slip. Mr. Loraine's task as Don Juan is superhuman. This must be taken into account in criticising him; he acquits himself extraordinarily well. The intelligence of his rendering is conspicuous, he improves as he goes on, he is full of the elements of more complete success still. Mr. Norman McKinnel's Devil, a part only less difficult, is above criticism; it could not have been bettered. His combination of the unctuous dignity required by the author, with the conventional Mephistophelism, is exact in proportion. Miss Lilah McCarthy looks superb and acts superbly—the dignity and vivacity of a great Spanish lady has never been better sustained. She wears Mr. Ricketts's splendid Velasquez-dress like one of the señoras who were his models. She would adorn the Court of Philip IV. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke is admirable as the ambulant statue of the Commander, sufficiently lively and sufficiently statuesque. His utterance is particularly clear and incisive, and can be heard with ease all over the house.

M. A.

CORRESPONDENCE

LES MAÎTRES D'AUTREFOIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Every man is entitled to his opinion. But I am amazed that Mr. Lewis Hind should *praise* the only translation of "Les Maîtres D'Autrefois" that exists. It is not only very bad English—in fact "American English"—but absolutely inaccurate in many passages; and that Mr. Lewis Hind who is supposed to be competent to express opinions on what is good and what is not good prose, should take the opportunity of commending such a translation is surprising. There ought to be an adequate translation of Fromentin's exquisite masterpiece. Moreover, surely the fact of an American translation having been made in 1882 need not stand in the way of an English translation of the masterpiece in 1907. I too would be willing to subscribe if F. H. L. (providing he is competent to do the difficult task) succeeds in his effort to find a publisher.

June 2.

M. DICKSON.

"ORATORY"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A glance at London's engagements shows that preaching sermons, giving lectures and addresses, and reading papers

is decidedly on the increase. So great indeed is this incessant demand for oratory that one naturally expects a high standard, yet it is a generally acknowledged fact that the oratory of our own day is on the downward grade.

I now propose to examine three popular objections and to thereby dispose of them. It is often urged that eloquence and affectation are inalienable, but I maintain that the peculiar pronunciation of certain words—if that constitutes affectation—is a pardonable fault, of which many eminent orators are themselves guilty. In vast cathedrals and large halls where the acoustic properties are of an unusual order, it is clearly manifest that some pronunciations are preferable to others, for some words by the very composition of their syllables are not so far-reaching in their sound as others; so that if a ruse is adopted to gain the desired effect, surely it is detrimental to no one.

Another objection is that there are some who regard a comely presence as a *sine quâ non* to oratory, but let those who have wholly unprepossessing features not despair for the late Principal Caird in one of his University addresses refers them to the late Dr. Chalmers in this matter, as he was scarcely handsome. A speaker, it is sometimes said, becomes the personification of his theme, and in that case countenance matters but little. As a general rule, I admit, it is more inspiring to see the speaker's face than to merely hear his voice perchance behind a pillar which obstructs the view.

People rarely comprehend the fact that if the voice is not actually a musical one, there are other characteristics germane to oratory. Speakers may equally be distinguished for their paradox, ratiocination, wit or happy phrases, and should they be the fortunate possessors of a pleasant timbre in their voices, the more agreeable it is to hear them.

Finally, I may say that I have studied the oratory of many public men and too that of "lesser lights." Those who contemplate this study deserve every encouragement despite any adverse criticism that may be gratuitously offered them.

F. BOOTH.

June 3.

SHAKESPEARE-BACON AGAIN

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Crawford's "Collectanea," you state that "the Baconians have made a mistake in concentrating their attention on Bacon and Shakespeare, and not sufficiently studying the other writers of the period," and that the coincidences between Shakespeare and Bacon are of no value as evidence because certain of them appear in the works of other writers of the period.

Mr. Harold Bayley in his "Shakespeare Symphony" gives numerous instances of the same expressions and ideas pervading the works of Bacon, Shakespeare, Jonson, Marlowe, and others; but the Baconian argument is that no two writers of the period show so many hundreds of parallelisms, for which no third instances can be found elsewhere, as Bacon and Shakespeare. This has been amply proved by Mr. Edwin Reed in his work "Bacon and Shakespeare Parallelisms." Here we have dozens: (1) Identical Expressions; (2) Identical Metaphors; (3) Identical Opinions; (4) Identical Quotations; (5) Identical Studies; (6) Identical Errors; (7) Identical Use of unusual words, or words in new senses; (8) Identities of Character; and (9) Identities of Style, that were not "in ordinary use by all writers of the day." It has been well put by Mr. Reed: "One parallelism has no significance; five attract attention; ten suggest inquiry; twenty raise a presumption; fifty establish a probability; a hundred dissolve every doubt;" but a thousand will not affect a Shakespearean a single jot.

Let me give two parallelisms in Shakespeare and Bacon. There is the word "dexteriously," used for the first time in *Twelfth Night* (1601, first printed 1623) and used by Bacon in "The Advancement of Learning" (written 1603, printed 1605). Can Mr. Crawford or any of your readers supply me with a third use by any writer during the lives of Bacon and Shakespeare?

Then we have in the Shakespeare "Sonnets" the line:

"The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,"

referring, it is believed, to the death of Queen Elizabeth; and in Bacon's "History of Henry VII.," we read: "The Queen hath endured a strange eclipse," referring to the Queen Dowager.

Can any of your readers give me a reference to any other Elizabethan or Jacobean writer who uses in conjunction the words "endure" and "eclipse"?

GEORGE STRONACH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your notice of Mr. Crawford's "Collectanea" you say that "Dr. R. M. Theobald claims for Bacon not only all Shakespeare but all Marlowe, and a good deal of Chapman." This is a mistake; I claim Marlowe's *Edward II*, as certainly Shakespearean,—but I go no further, except in a hesitating, conjectural way. As to Chapman he is referred to once as the reputed author of the continuation of *Hero and Leander*. But it is added that Chapman's acknowledged plays are entirely non-Shakespearean,—not even Marlowesque. So far from attributing Chapman to Bacon he is expressly excluded from the Shakespearean enclosure. You minimise the significance of correspondences, and support your depreciation by perfectly unverified and unverifiable representations of the way in which scholars of the Elizabethan age associated with one another. It is pure assumption, but I need not care for this: continued research will ultimately settle it all. One thing, however, I will remark. I think you would have shown a little more consideration for courteous and gentlemanly criticism if you had expressed more disapprobation of the excessively insulting and contemptuous style in which Mr. Crawford deals with our controversy. His chief aim seems to be to wound and sting his opponents by mockery and insult. I was so pleased with his earlier chapters, when they appeared in *Notes and Queries* that I sent him a copy of my book, with complimentary references to his researches. His reward is,—what I have described. Now I ask you, sir, to protest against this—you may not agree with us, but we are gentlemen and some of us scholars, and do not deserve such treatment as Mr. Crawford employs, and for which he ought to be rebuked. The time for this nonsense has passed.

R. M. THEOBALD.

June 4.

[Our reviewer replies: In the belief that it was impossible for the ACADEMY to spare the space for anything like an adequate discussion of the Shakespeare-Bacon theory, which can only be carried on by means of scores and scores of examples, arguments and deductions, I was careful to confine my review as closely as possible to a statement of what Mr. Crawford's book contained. For the same reason it is impossible to reply to Mr. Stronach. He has produced two striking parallels between Shakespeare and Bacon; if these were explained away, he could perhaps produce a dozen more, and so on *ad infinitum*. The only satisfactory reply is such a work as Mr. Crawford's—the production of more, and more striking, parallels between Bacon and some other or others. With Dr. Theobald, I admit I am in less sympathy. My "representations" are neither unverified nor unverifiable. They are the inevitable deduction for all we know of the literature and the authors of the Elizabethan age; and the "pure assumption" rests with those who would maintain that, in the conditions then prevailing, the authors were unacquainted with each other and with each other's work. On the personal side of the matter, Dr. Theobald is surely a little touchy. I found no trace in Mr. Crawford's book of a desire to insult the Baconians; plenty of a desire to ridicule their contention; and a critic is entitled to use what weapons he pleases, provided that, like Mr. Crawford, he stops short of personalities. Surely, too, a present of a book, even when accompanied by "complimentary references," should not be expected to warp a man's opinions. I have in my possession a presentation copy of a work by a famous Shakespeare-Baconian, which attempts to prove that the British Museum contains indisputable evidence that "Shakespeare" was written by Bacon; but that it is never allowed to be seen, because the whole staff of the Reading-Room are members of the Rosicrucian order—which exists, apparently, for the concealment of knowledge. Am I to refrain, if the occasion should arise, from stating that I do not believe this to be the case?]

THE INCOMPLETE BOOKSELLER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the ACADEMY of May 18 I have read an article entitled "The Incomplete Bookseller." Friends of mine assure me that the writer of the article is talking about me in the beginning of the article. If it is so I thank him for the compliments; but as I am a Dane and not a Swede, I have a little doubt, but there is no other Scandinavian bookseller in Naples.

G. MICHAELSEN.

May 28.

[We have pleasure in stating that the gentleman to whom our contributor paid the well-deserved compliment is identical with the writer of this letter.—ED.]

PAUL GWYNNE'S NOVELS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I do not know whether "Paul Gwynne" is a name or a pseudonym, but, as a person who has had excellent opportunities of observing Spaniards and Cubans, I should like to be allowed to thank your reviewer of "Dr. Pons," whoever he may be, for the justice which he has done to a remarkable writer. Only the best Spanish novels, such as those of Juan Valera, contain observation of Spanish character and incident as true and as well "staged" as that to be found in Paul Gwynne's novels.

A GOVERNOR-IN-CHIEF'S LIBRARIAN.

June 1.

A QUESTION OF PRONUNCIATION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In regard to the remark of your correspondent, Mr. H. H. Johnson, that "Florentines must suppress 'h,'" what becomes of their habit of turning *co* into *ho*—*casa* into *hasa*, *camera* into *hamera* and so on? I once asked the eminent Etruscan scholar, Professor Elia Lattes, if he thought that this continual Tuscan use of the aspirate was a legacy from the Etruscans—so contrary is it from the genius of the Italian speech—and he seemed to think that this might be the case.

The whole question of pronunciation, "brogue," exchange of letters, above all the tone of voice, is ethnological quite as much as philological: it is something in the blood, something almost impossible to alter or overcome. By the mere tone of voice it may be possible to tell from whom any one is descended: Celt, Norman, Teuton, Roman, Etruscan, Greek.

E. MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

June 3.

OLD ENGLISH MADRIGALS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I notice in this week's issue a reference to the madrigals of Wilbye, Campion and others. Perhaps you would like to know of the existence of the Oriana Society, the next concert of which is to be given next week. I have found their former concerts very interesting; the choir is small but enthusiastic, and the conductor (of whom I know nothing else) is evidently a man of still greater enthusiasm.

W. GANDY.

June 4.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The book "Catholic Church Music" by Richard R. Terry, which was very favourably reviewed in last week's ACADEMY, is published by Messrs. Greening, a fact which, by an oversight, we omitted to mention.]

BIOGRAPHY

The Life of Mrs. Sherwood. Edited and abridged by Isabella Gilchrist. 7½ × 5. Pp. 220. Sutton, 3s. 6d. net.
Dodge, Walter Phelps. *The Real Sir Richard Burton*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 240. Unwin, 6s. net.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Carter, H. R. *A Glossary of Technical and Commercial Terms, Words and Phrases in English, French and German*. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 72. Sutton, 2s. net.

EDUCATIONAL

Elementary Trigonometry. By Cecil Hawkins. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 310. Dent, 4s. 6d.
Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings. With Introduction, Notes, etc., by H. M. Buller. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 164. Macmillan, 1s. 3d.
A New Geometry for Middle Forms. By S. Barnard and J. M. Child. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 420. Macmillan, 3s. 6d.
The Proverbs of Alfred. Re-edited from the manuscripts by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat. 6½ × 4½. Pp. xlvii. 96. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 2s. 6d.

FICTION

Donovan, Dick. *The Gold-spinner*. 7½ × 4½. Pp. 312. White, 6s.
Lawrence, C. E. *Pilgrimage*. 7½ × 5. Pp. 290. Murray, 6s.

- None so Pretty. A story of emotions.* 7½ x 5½. Pp. 335. Longmans, 6s.
- Brooke, Emma. *Sir Elyot of the Woods.* 8 x 4½. Pp. 435. Heinemann, 6s.
- De Morgan, William. *Alice for Short.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 563. Heinemann, 6s.
- Hekking, Avis. *In Search of Jéhanne.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.
- Frenssen, Gustav. *The Three Comrades.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 372. Constable, 6s.
- McCutcheon, George Barr. *Jane Cable.* 8 x 5. Pp. 336. Grant Richards, 6s.
- Glyn, Elinor. *Three Weeks.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 319. Duckworth, 6s.
- Fox-Davies, A. C. *The Average Man.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 303. Routledge, 2s. 6d.
- Blyth, James. *The Canker.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 311. Digby, Long, 6s.
- Hardy, Iza Duffus. *His Silence.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 326. Digby, Long, 6s.
- Jepson, Edgar. *The Four Philanthropists.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 312. Unwin, 6s.
- Young, Andrew. *The Shadow of Divorce.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 304. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Neihardt, John G. *The Lonesome Trail.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 303. Lane, 6s.
- Caine, William. *The Pursuit of the President. A Distraction in Five Flights.* 7½ x 4½. Pp. 259. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY

- The Political History of England. Volume vii. 1603-1660.* By F. C. Montague. 9 x 5½. Pp. 514. Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.
- Historical Character Studies.* Translated from the Dutch of Dr. Jorissen, by the Rev. B. S. Berrington, B.A. 9 x 5½. Pp. 179. Sutton, 7s. 6d. net.
- Ireland and the Celtic Church. A History of Ireland from St. Patrick to the English Conquest in 1172.* By the late George T. Stokes. Revised by Hugh Jackson Lawlor. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 382. S.P.C.K., 5s.
- Blunt, Wilfred Scawen. *Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 606. Unwin, 15s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Lubbock, A. Basil. *Round the Horn before the Mast.* 8 x 5. Pp. 375. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.
- The Mediæval Town Series, Oxford.* By Cecil Headlam. 6½ x 4½. Pp. 436. Dent, 4s. 6d. net.
- The Temple Cyclopædic Primers. The Byzantine Empire.* By N. Jorga. 6 x 3½. Pp. 236. Dent, 1s. net.
- The Microscope and how to use it.* A handbook for beginners, revised and enlarged by T. Charteris White. With chapter on Marine Aquaria. With a chapter on Staining Bacteria by Maurice Umsler. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 159. Sutton, 3s. net.
- The Comedies of Aristophanes.* Edited, translated, and explained by Benjamin Bickley Rogers. Volume vi. 8½ x 6½. Pp. 209. Bell, 8s. 6d.
- Pratt, E. A. *The Licensed Trade.* 8 x 5. Pp. 329. Murray, 5s. net.
- Lampson, G. Locker. *A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 699. Constable, 18s. net.
- Rambles of an Australian Naturalist.* Written by Paul Fountain. From the Notes and Journals of Thomas Ward. 9 x 5½. Pp. 343. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.
- Alcohol and the Human Body.* By Sir Victor Horsley and Mary D. Sturge. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 370. Macmillan, 5s. net.
- "*Tout ce qu'il faut Savoir.*" 11½ x 7½. Pp. 302. Paris: Librairie Ch. Delegrave, 5 fr.
- Beowulf.* An old English Epic. (The Earliest Epic of the Germanic Race.) Translated into modern English Prose by Wentworth Huyshe. 8 x 5. Pp. 216. Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.
- Flowers of the Field.* By the Rev. C. A. Johns. Revised throughout and edited by Clarence Elliott. 8½ x 5½. Pp. 316. Routledge, 7s. 6d. net.
- Lechmere, Joscelyne. *Pretty Polly.* The History of her Career on the Turf. 10 x 7½. Pp. 63. Lane, 7s. 6d.
- Temple, Augusta A. *Flowers and Trees of Palestine.* 8½ x 5½. Pp. 172. Elliot Stock, n.p.
- Calvert, Albert F. *Spanish Arms and Armour.* 7½ x 5. Pp. 142. Plates 248.
- Colwell, Major-General Sir Henry. *The Allies.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 287. Hutchinson, 16s. net.

- McKenzie, F. A. *The Unveiled East.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 347. Hutchinson, 12s. net.
- Worsley, A. *Concepts of Monism.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 356. Unwin, 21s. net.
- Haldane, the Rt. Hon. Richard Burdon. *Army Reform and other Addresses.* 8 x 5½. Pp. 312. Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.
- La Légende de Don Juan.* Son évolution dans la littérature des origines au romantisme. Par Georges Gendarme de Bévotte. 9½ x 6½. Pp. 547. Paris: Hachette et Cie, n.p.
- Tower, Walter S. *A History of the American Whale Fishery.* 9½ x 6½. Pp. 145. Philadelphia: Published for the University, n.p.
- Hommes et Femmes.* D'hier et d'avant hier. Par A. Mézières. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 332. Paris: Hachette et Cie, n.p.
- La conquête Vandale en Afrique et la destruction de l'empire d'occident.* Par F. Martroye. 9 x 5½. Pp. 392. Paris: Hachette et Cie, n.p.
- King Leopold's Soliloquy. A Satire.* By Mark Twain. 7 x 5. Pp. 136. Unwin, 1s. net.
- Stories from Ancient Greece.* By Professor A. J. Church. 6½ x 5. Pp. 93. Cassell, 6d.
- Watson, Aaron. *The Savage Club.* 9 x 5½. Pp. 327. Unwin, 21s. net.
- The Statesman's Year Book, 1907.* Edited by J. Scott Keltie, with the assistance of J. P. A. Renwick. 7½ x 4½. Pp. 1672. Macmillan, 10s. 6d. net.
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